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SEPTEMBER

1954

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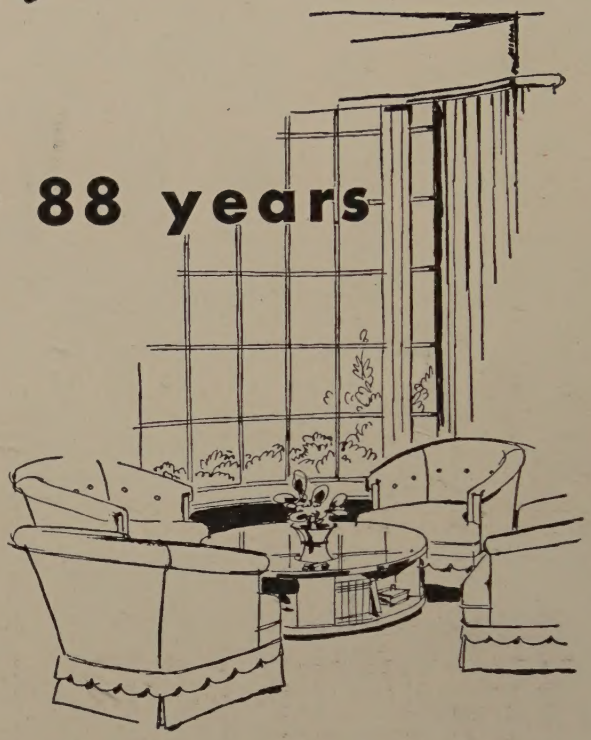

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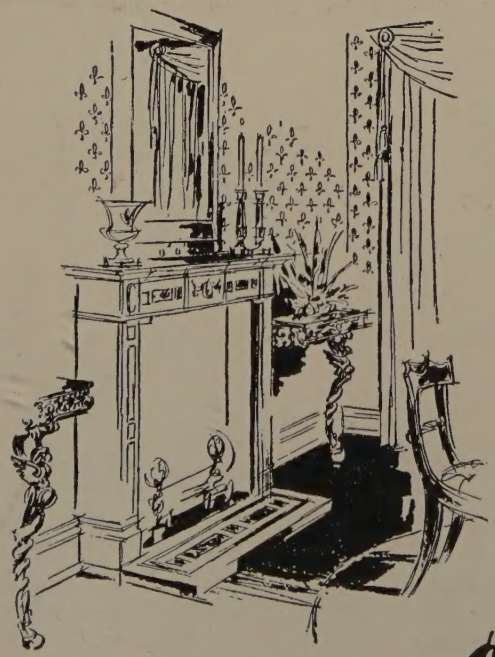

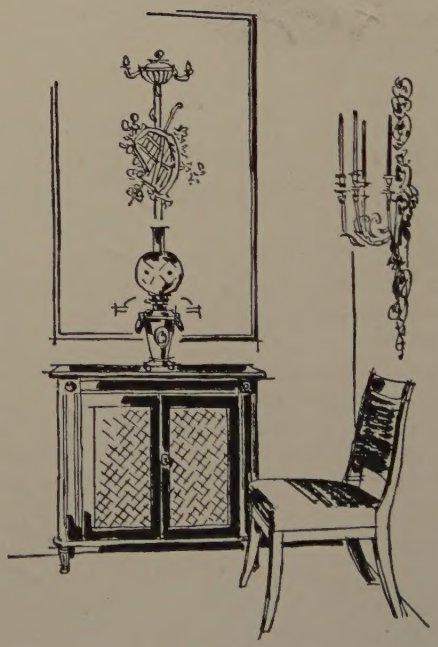

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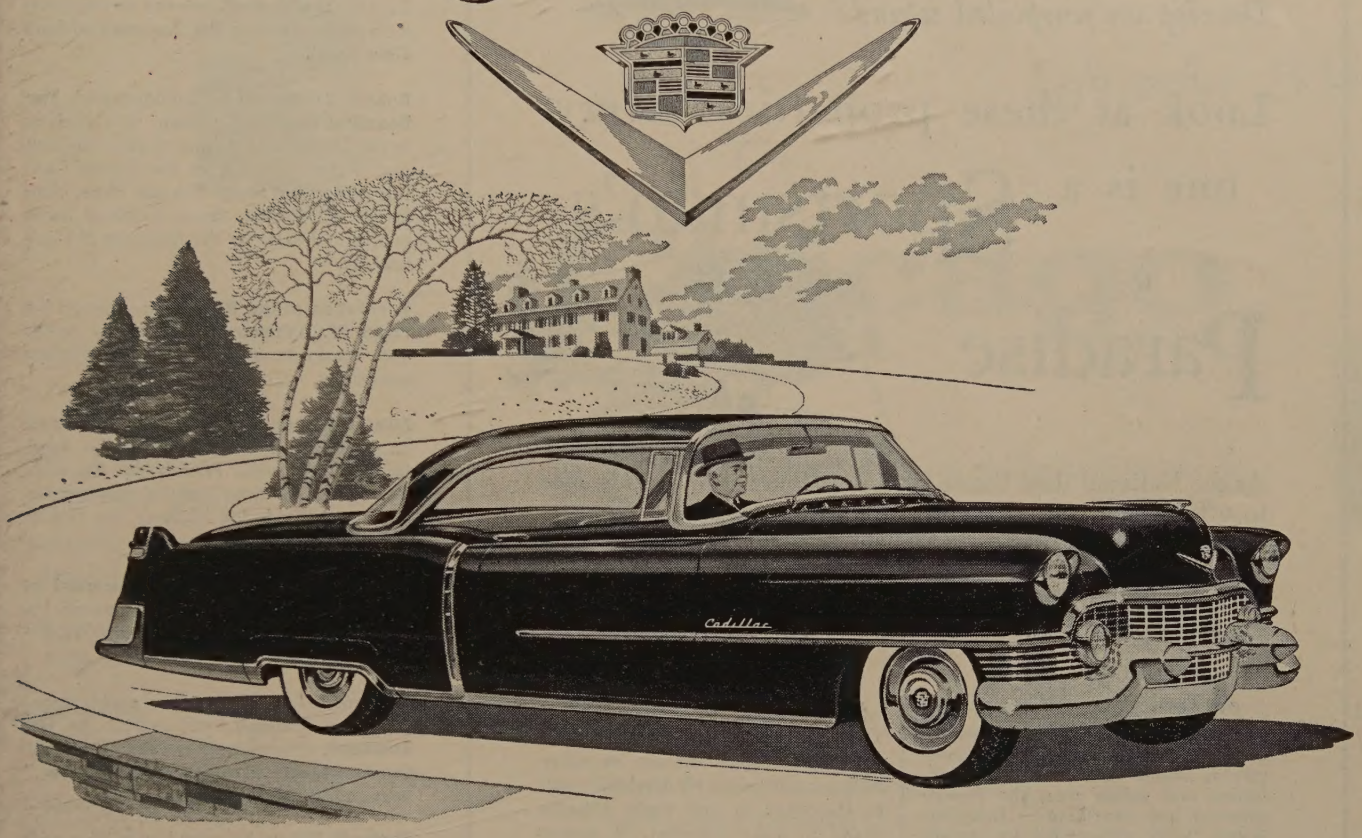

Starting the Day with an Hour's Rest!

It's about an hour from his home to his office—but he doesn't think of it as a drive at all.

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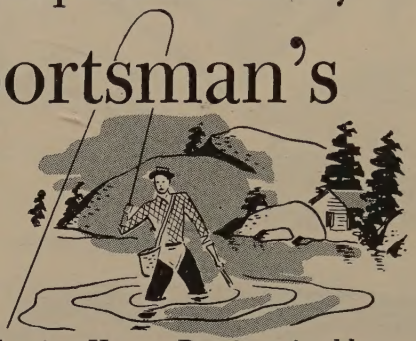

As the National Real Estate Clearing House, Previews is able to offer a wide selection of camps, resorts and other properties in the North Woods. Excellent pictures and all the facts are yours for the asking. Inquire at any Previews office, or of your own Realtor who is authorized to show and sell all Previews properties.

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The writer of **Napoleon of the North Branch, William G. Ferris,** has been financial editor in the Chicago bureau of the Associated Press for 13 years. He has done numerous articles for business, political and trade journals.

A seat on the Sun-Times copy desk is held by **Tom Nowell,** veteran newspaperman and author of **The Arsonists of East Ohio Sreet.**

Robert Knille, who photographed **The Beautiful Death of a Slum,** is a student at the Institute of Design during the day and a mail handler for the Illinois Central railroad at night. The rest of the time he takes pictures, three of which have been purchased by the Museum of Modern Art.

Revolution at the Roxy was covered by **Frank M. Robinson,** a free-lance writer and graduate student at Northwestern university.

Stenterello, whose byline has appeared on the **Music** department since the April issue, is a white French poodle who belongs to Christina Light, a character in the novel "Roderick Hudson" by Henry James.

Drawings for **The Foot Put Forward at Mainchance Mist Resort** were made by **Jack Nelson,** a theatrical and display design specialist.

This month's exasperating short story, **Dance of Triumph,** was written by **Gil Lumbard,** a resident of Sacramento, California, whose first novel, "Senior Spring," was published in February.

Hollin B. Hill is the pseudonym of a professional writer, suburbanite and car-pool commuter. His reasons for pseudonymity will be apparent to readers of **Notes on the Car-Pool Problem.**

Jean-Paul Sartre at Walgreen's is an excerpt from **Malcolm Cowley's** "The Literary Situation," which will be published by the Viking Press in October. Cowley has been a critic and commentator on books and their authors for three decades.

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Day and Evening Classes begin September 20, 1954. Registration: September 13 to 17 1:00 to 8:00 P.M.

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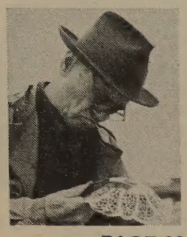

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September 1954

Chicago

PAG

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COVER
Bright robes in a dingy doorway and a gypsy woman's pensive scowl gave staff photographer William Miller his subject for this Maxwell street character study.

This is volume I, number 7 of CHICAGO Magazine. Published every month. Address all manuscripts to the Editor, CHICAGO, Box 1283, Chicago 90. Copyright, 1954, Contemporary Publications, Inc. Louis Leverone, chairman of the board; Maurice English, president; Robert H. McCormick jr., vice-president and treasurer; George W. Overton, secretary; Lawrence Howe jr., asst. secretary.

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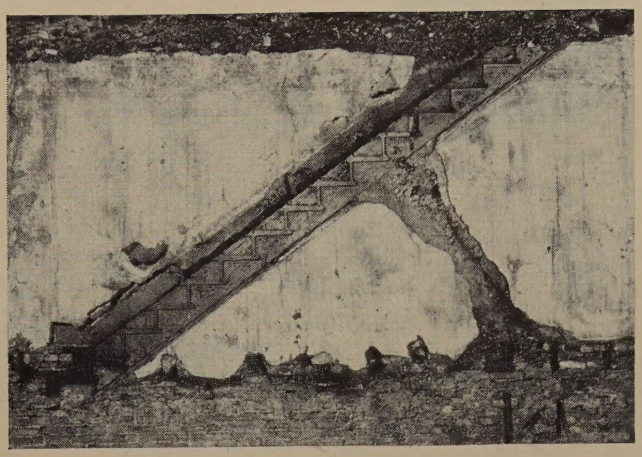
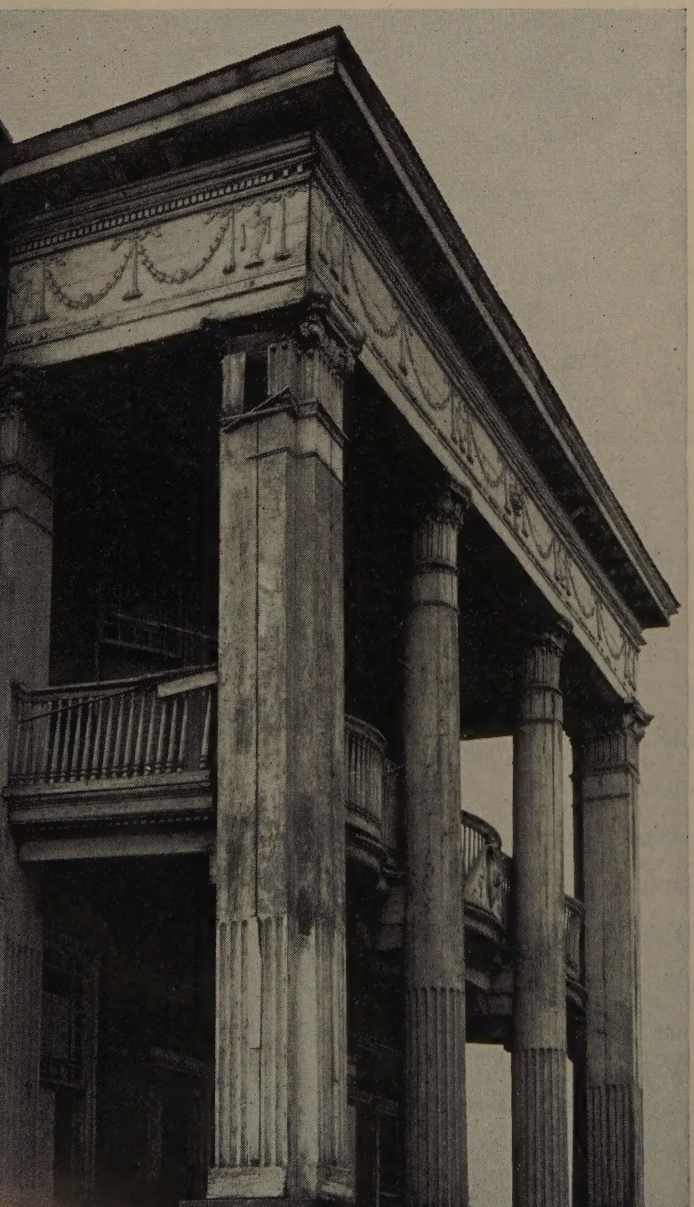


The ghost of a stairway was etched along the wall of a building that survived its neighbor.

Splintered glass and torn screen in a window. This study has been purchased by Museum of Modern Art.

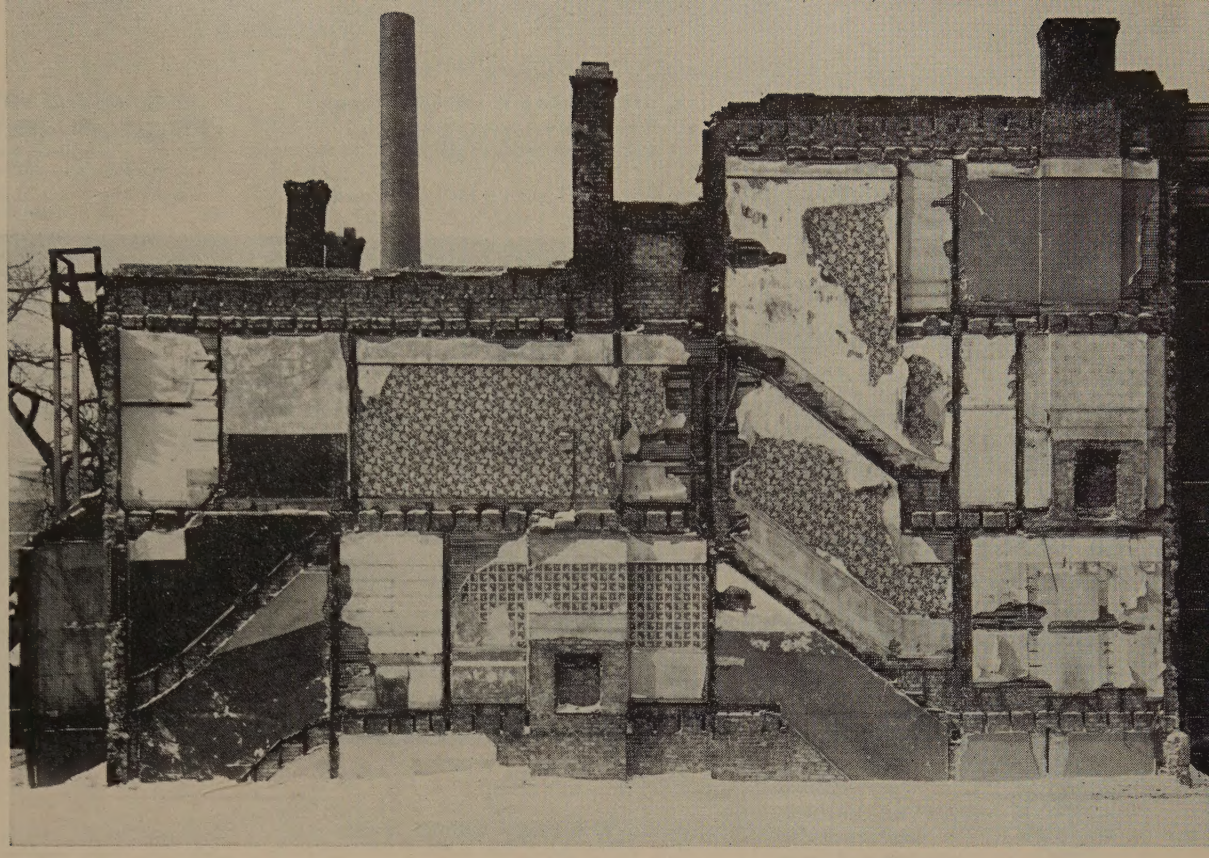
Natchez might have been the location of this Grecian structure that stood on the present site of Lake Meadows, the multi-million-dollar development being erected by the New York Life Insurance Co.



The beautifu

To a photographer looking for drama in line and shading, these buildings of the Victorian era displayed some romantic patterns and a few abstract ones just before they were razed to make way for an ultra-modern South Side housing project.

The project site lies east of South Parkway between 31st and 35th streets. All the buildings pictured here have since been torn down.

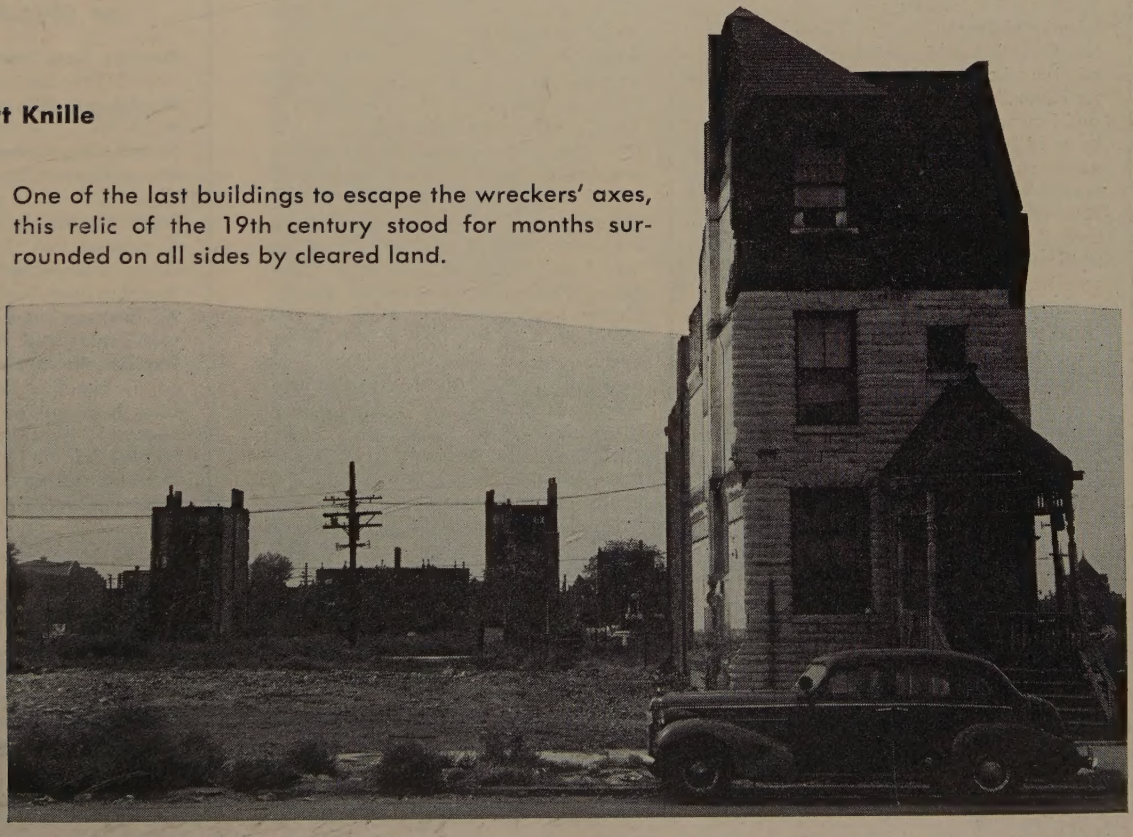


Remnants of a dismantled flat formed a weird tapestry of wallpaper and room and staircase outlines on the building next door.

death of a slum

Photos by Robert Knille

One of the last buildings to escape the wreckers' axes, this relic of the 19th century stood for months surrounded on all sides by cleared land.



WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Picnic, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). William Inge's prize-winner about sex on Main street opens Sept. 13 with Ralph Meeker in the leading role.

Wonderful Town, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Bright, clever musical comedy based on Ruth McKenney's "My Sister Eileen." Witty lines by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, satirical music by Leonard Bernstein, ebullient if irrelevant performance by Carol Channing. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Time Out for Ginger, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Nancy Malone is still trying to be a football player, and Melvyn Douglas' stamina as her harassed parent apparently knows no bounds. Nightly Wed.-Sun., 8:30; Tue., 7:30; Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Still packing the house after more than a year. Nightly Sun.-Thu. 8:30; Fri. 7 & 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Mats. Mon.- Thu. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m., Sun. 2 & 5 p.m.

summer theater

with notes on driving time and dining

Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase Country club, Wheeling. Thru Sept. 5, "A Sound of Hunting." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. Seventy min. from Loop. Dining: Chevy Chase Country club.

Drury Lane, 97th & Western (HI 5-2666). Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun., 2:30. Forty-five min. from Loop. Dining: Martinique, next door.

East Eden, Lincoln & Touhy, Lincolnwood (IN 3-4031). Thru Sept. 12, "Voice of the Turtle." Nightly except Mon., 8:30 p.m. Forty min. from Loop. Dining: House of Pierre, next door.

Music Theater, w. of Glencoe on County Line rd. near Edens expressway. (BR 4-7447 or Glencoe 931). Thru Sept. 5. Nightly 8:30. Fifty min. from Loop. Dining: Villa Moderne, next door.

Salt Creek, First & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492 or Hinsdale 689). Thru Sept. 4, "Country Girl." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Fifty min. from Loop. Dining: Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden, Hinsdale.

Shady Lane, Marengo (Marengo 925). Thru Sept. 5, "Fancy Meeting You Here." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Two hours from Loop. Dining: Shady Lane Farm.

Tenthouse, Park av. w. of Skokie hwy., Highland Park (HI 2-1160). Thru Sept. 5, "Heartbreak House." Sept. 7-12, "Romersholm." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. One hour from Loop. Dining: Country Fare, Skokie hwy. & Dundee rd., near Glencoe.

repertory companies

Playwrights Theater club, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Sept. 12, "Romeo and Juliet." "Peer Gynt" opens Sept. 14.

little, school or otherwise

Theater-on-the-Lake, Fullerton at the lake (HA 7-5252). Arena productions by Park District community theaters. "The Shining Hour," Sept. 2, 8:30 p.m.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Ringling Bros. Circus, Soldier Field (HA 7-5252). Thru Sept. 5. Aft. & eve. perfs.

Magnificent Mile Art Festival, Greater North Michigan av. assn., (MI 2-3570). Invitational prize works on display at the Water Tower, Chicago & Michigan, Sept. 7-30.

Truck Roadeo, Int'l Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Truck drivers' safety contests sponsored by American Trucking assn. Sept. 11, 7:30 p.m.

All Arabian Horse show, Int'l Amphitheater. Sept. 17, 18. Aft. & eve. perfs.

Dunham Woods Horse show, Wayne, Ill., Sept. 11 and 12. 20th renewal of an annual highlight of the local equestrian season.

Int'l Pet Fair, Int'l Amphitheater. Displays of pets, care and feeding; contests for children. Sept. 21-26. Aft. & eve.

TOURS

American Airlines, Midway Airport (PO 7-6200, ext. 846). Thru the company hangars. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Special arrangements necessary. Tour lasts 1 hr.

Baha'i Temple, Linden & Sheridan, Wilmette (VI 8-1281 or WI 6-3880). Open Mon.-Sat., 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.; Sun. 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Services

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Sun. 3:30 p.m. Group tours by appointment.

Board of Trade, Jackson & LaSalle (WA 2-2800). Visitors gallery open Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 1:15 p.m. Illustrated lectures lasting 30 min., 9:45 a.m. to 12:40 p.m.

Chicago Tribune, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0200). Mon.-Fri. 2, 4 and 8 p.m. Resv. necessary. Tour lasts 90 min.

Ford Motor Co., 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, Industrial Relations). Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Other tours by appointment. Tour lasts 75 min.

Merchandise Mart, Merchandise Mart Plaza (WH 4-4141). Tours about every hr. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Adm. 75c inc. tax. Tour lasts 75 min.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., 925 s. Homan, **(KE 3-2500).** Mon., 1:45 and 2:45 p.m., Tues.-Fri., 9:45 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 2:45 p.m. Tour lasts 1 hr.

FLOWER SHOWS

Garfield Park conservatory. 300 n. Central Park; **Lincoln Park conservatory,** 2400 n. in Lincoln park (HA 7-5252). Sept. plant: Peperomia Sondersi. Daily 9 a.m to 5 p.m. Free.

Central States Dahlia society, Garfield Park conservatory. Sept. 18, 2 to 9 p.m.; Sept. 19, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Ill. Federation of Women's Clubs, Garfield Park conservatory. (HA 7-5252). Sept. 25-26, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MUSIC

Jan Gour, bass-baritone, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Sept. 18, 8:15 p.m.

Lily Miki, pianist, Kimball hall, Sept. 25, 8:15 p.m.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

with attention to September features

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt rd. at the lake front (WA 2-1428). Sept. show: The Milky Way. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., to 9 p.m. Shows Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 pm.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical Society, Clark & North av. (MI 2-4600). One of the country's finest collections of historical items, with Lincoln and pioneer exhibits particularly outstanding. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn Observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10:30 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding Museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor and arms, medieval and contemporary art, ship models, early musical instruments. Reopens Sept. 12. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat. Free.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park, (MU 4-1414). U-505, captured German submarine of World War II, in-

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cluding films of its capture, opening late Sept. Industrial arts awards: winning projects by high school craftsmen in Ford Motor Co.'s 8th annual competition. New permanent exhibitions: story of nutrition, food and how it affects your life, with live animals as a special feature; Wheels of Yesterday, famous antique automobiles, motorcycles, bicycles. Free, except coal mine, nickelodeon, micro-world. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., to 7 p.m. After Sept. 26, closes weekdays, 4 p.m.; Sat., 5:30 p.m.; Sun & hol., 7 p.m.

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt & Lake Shore (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany, zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; after Labor Day, closes 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from Near Eastern countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt at the lake front (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Japanese painting and sculpture, opening Sept. 15. Photographs by Arthur Siegel, opening Sept. 15. Chinese and Japanese paintings acquired within recent years, thru Oct. 3. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun., holidays.

In its October issue CHICAGO will feature:

OUR CITY AS A RUSSIAN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD SEE IT
wherein our readers are shown the daily horrors of local living under a capitalist dictatorship.

NATIONAL BARN DANCE
behind the scenes with a radio show which is now being enjoyed by grandchildren of some original listeners.

AZTECS IN WISCONSIN?
a mound city that may have been the northern outpost of the ancient Mexican empire.

CAROL FOX
the woman who is determined to bring back opera.

plus:

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER
the department which is becoming a local reading habit;

WHAT GOES ON HERE
listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment;

SHORT STORY SLIGHTLY LESS EXASPERATING THAN USUAL

At your news-stand – the last Thursday of September

Chicago Public library, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: "Color and You," by Color Research of America. Art dept.: weaving by Madge Friedman; hand-crafted jewelry by Don Holst. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Artists' guild, 162 e. Ohio (SU 7-3320). Early vacation sketches by Alex Yworski and Wayne Gallagher. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Chicago Galleries assn., 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Oils, watercolors by George Moyer, Karl Warren, Armand Balador et al, thru Sept. 30. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 3:45 p.m.
Mandel Bros. Galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Paintings by Bert Anapol, Eve Garrison, Marion Lukens, Helen Joy Weinberg. Weekdays 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., Mon. & Thu. to 9:30 p.m.
Marshall Field Galleries, 111 n. State (ST 2-1000, ext. 2660-2661). Contemporary French exhibit. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.
Palmer House Galleries, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Well-known original paintings and their reproductions. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Main Street Gallery, Main Street Book Store, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6660). Modern European paintings, drawings, sculpture. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Sidney Rafilson Gallery, 56 e. Walton (WH 3-2594). Paintings by Garrison, Stewart, Watson, Peters, Austen, Lentine, Macina Barton, Louis Weiner, Waters, Duvingneaud. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Riccardo Restaurant & Gallery, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Work by Ernest Dreyfus. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.
Frank Ryan Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Paintings and illustrations by Mary Gehr. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Wed., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Leonard Linn, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Design in Industry: Olivetti, leaders in use of architecture, product design, adv. art in the business field. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). Vs. Brooklyn, Sept. 1, 2; St. Louis, Sept. 20, 22 (double header, ladies' day); Cincinnati, Sept. 25 (ladies' day), 26. Game time 1:30 p.m.
White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Vs. Cleveland, Sept. 3 (night), 4 (night), 5; Washington, Sept. 8 (night), 9; New York, Sept. 10 (night), 11; Boston, Sept. 12 (double header); Philadelphia, Sept. 14 (night); Baltimore, Sept. 17 (night), 18, 19. Day game time, 1:30; night 8 or 8:30.

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, (DE 2-5400). Vs. New York, Sept. 12 (exhibition). Game time, 1:05 p.m.
Cardinals, Comiskey park, (WA 2-9334). Vs. Baltimore, Sept. 15 (exhibition), 8:30 p.m.; New York, Sept. 26, 1:05 p.m.

college football

Northwestern, Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Vs. Iowa State, Sept. 25, 1:30 p.m.

golf

Chicago Tribune All-Star, Jackson park (ST 2-7485). Sept. 11.
Pro-Amateur, Bonnie Dundee (ST 2-7485). Sept. 13.
Ill. Open, Olympia Fields, Chicago Heights (ST 2-7485). Sept. 20-21.

harness racing

Suburban Downs, Sportsman's park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Post time 8:30 p.m. Thru Sept. 1.
Fox Valley, Maywood park, 8600 North av. (ST 2-0555). Post time 8:30 p.m. Opening Sept. 2.

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thorobred racing

Washington Park, Homewood (Homewood 820). Post time Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat., 1:45 p.m. Thru Sept. 7.
Hawthorne, 35th & Cicero (BI 2-1350). Post time Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat., 1:45 p.m. Opening Sept. 8.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club, Int'l Fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Sun. & hol. 3 p.m.

stock car racing

Chicago Racing assn., Soldier field (HA 7-8677). Sept. 3, 5, 12, 19, 26. Time trials, 6:30 p.m.; races, 8:30 p.m.

yachting

Tri-State. 1st leg, Chicago to St. Joseph, Columbia Yacht club (AN 3-8111), Sept. 3. 2nd leg, St. Joseph to Michigan City, Chicago Yacht club (ST 2-9245), Sept. 5. 3rd leg, Michigan City to Jackson Park, Jackson Park Yacht club (BU 8-9714), Sept. 6.
Fall Round-up Series, Columbia Yacht club, foot of Washington (AN 3-8111). Star class, s. Lake Michigan fleet. Sept. 11, 12.
Commodore Sheldon Clark Regatta, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Monroe (ST 2-9245). Sept. 19.
Sixth Regional Championship, Penguin class, Columbia Yacht club (AN 3-8111). Sept. 25, 26.

FOR THE CHILDREN

zoos

Lincoln Park. The main zoo, entrance 2200 n. in Lincoln park; the **Children's Zoo,** an enclosure just south of the reptile house, where friendly animals and birds may be petted; the **Zoo Rookery,** at Fullerton av., with a pond for waterbirds, a favorite spot for junior camera enthusiasts. 9-5 daily; 10-6 on Sat., Sun. & hol. thru Labor Day.
Indian Boundary Park. A small zoo with exhibits of bear, deer, smaller animals and birds. Plenty of picnic area. At 2500 Lunt.
Trailside Museum in Thatcher's Woods Forest preserve. Birds and animals of the area, alive and stuffed. An elderly live owl sits uncaged, inspecting visitors. Daily except Thu., 10 a.m. to noon; 1-5 p.m. At 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest.
Hawthorn Mellody Farm. A farm zoo with pure-bred cattle which visitors can watch being milked mechanically. Has a nice picnic area at the edge of a lagoon. Open 1-5 p.m. Free weekdays; Sun., adults 25c, children 10c. On U.S. 21, 3 miles so. of Libertyville.
Brookfield. The 2½ acre **Children's Zoo** has baby animals which the young fry may fondle and bottle-feed. (Fee, 10c up to 12 years, 20c for others.) Main zoo has many picnic areas. Open 10-7 on Thurs., Sat., Sun. & holidays, admission free; 10-6 other days, admission 25c, children under 12 free. At Brookfield, 14 miles west of the Loop.
Deer Forest, near Coloma, Mich., where hundreds of tame deer and other animals mingle with visitors and may be hand-fed from cake-cone containers sold on premises. Included in the admission fee (60c for adults, 25c for children 5-12, under 5 free) are Story Book Lane, a series of nursery-rhyme exhibits with live animals as central characters; 4 animal shows daily, and picnic grounds with outdoor fireplaces. Open at 10 a.m. daily thru October. About 100 miles from Chicago on U.S. 12, at Paw Paw Lakes, Mich.

swimming

Park district outdoor pools close after Labor Day, but youngsters who want to sharpen swimming skills acquired during the summer can use indoor natatoriums which are in operation at these parks: Austin Town Hall, Blackhawk, Independence, LaFollette, Portage, Ridge and West Pullman. Free. Consult parks for hours.

golf

Children under 16 may use park golf courses at half fees thru October (weather permitting). Nine-hole courses are in Lincoln park (at Addison); Columbus park (Jackson & Central); Marquette park (67th & Kedzie); 18-hole course in Jackson park (at 63rd). Children's fees: 25c for 9 holes, 50c for 18, from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and after 4 p.m. on Sat., Sun. and holidays.

fishing

Continues thru Oct. in all Park District lagoons; no license required for childen under 16. Anglers may fish from banks of lagoons, but not from boats, boat landings, casting piers or bridges. Excellent fishing piers are at: Loyola park, Sheridan & Greenleaf; Lincoln park, 1600 n. and 4600 n.; Burnham park, foot of 31st st.; Jackson park, at 59th and at 63rd.

parks

An inexhaustible program of scheduled fall activities for children is offered, with classes in competitive sports, swimming, music, dancing, drama, arts, crafts, chess, checkers and many other programs. While most activities get into full swing at the end of September and early in October, registrations and some classes begin early this month. Consult local

park for information, or phone Chicago Park District, HA 7-5252.

NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis and George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6660). The "wayfarin' stranger," Burl Ives, enriches the entertainment here. 11 a.m. to

4 a.m. Shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). After 19 months, the Calypso revue is as fresh and appealing as ever. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30 p.m., midnight, 2 a.m. $2.50 minimum, dinner $1.75-$3.75.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Flashing Margie Lee heads "Skating Stars," the current ice revue. Open from 6:30 p.m. Shows 8:30 and midnight. $2 cover, dinner $3.25 up.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush little rendezvous wih dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50, other food a la carte.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine $.95-$1.55, dinner $2-$5.50.

Sheraton Lounge, Sheraton hotel, 505 n. Michigan (WH 4-4100). Right on the avenue, an intimate room with good food and entertainment. Open to 1 a.m. Lunch and Jimmy Blade's music for dancing in a Dorothy Draper setting. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75 to $3, dinner $4.75 to $6.50.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Entertainment and elbow rubbing by the who's who of show business. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows, 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2:15 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover & minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show & dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra & violin. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95, dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Comedian George Gobel leads the laughing and shouting. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from $2, dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play toe-tapping or tender tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 w. Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50, dinner $1.85-$3.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-0700). In a tropical setting, the melodies of Charlie Agnew's delightful group. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dancing after 9:30. Lunch from $1.30-$1.95, dinner from $2.50-$4.75.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 n. Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Shows, food, service all good. Open to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 & 11 p.m., Sat. 8:30 & 11:30 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$3.50, dinner $3.25-$5.75.

The Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Ceaseless entertainment by comic-pianist Aaron Leifer and singing waiters. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50, other food a la carte.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.25-$3, dinner from $3.50-$6.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. Closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50, dinner $1.75-$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75, dinner $2.45-$3.40.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight, closed Sun. & holidays. Lunch $1.35-$1.65, dinners $1.75-$4.75.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. Open from 4 p.m. Dinner $4-$6.

Camelot Grille, Sheraton hotel, 505 n. Michigan (WH 4-4100). King Arthur never had it so good. 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.50-$1.70, dinner $2-$5.50.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town; certainly the finest atmosphere. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Corona Cafe, 531 Rush (WH 4-9288). Nothing fancy, but delicious thick steaks,

GEORGE GOBEL, "king of the new comics," opens in a new show at the Empire Room of the Palmer House on THURSDAY, AUGUST 12. After a triumph at New Yorks Waldorf-Astoria, he signed with NBC for a new Saturday night comedy show, making him the years top comedy find. He appeared at the Palmer House last summer as the star of "Whats My Act?" a musical comedy revue. With him in the show will be singer Maureen Cannon, the Double-daters, the Three Houcks and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra.

Coming September 23, Helen Gallagher.

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George Diamond Charcoal Broil Steak House, 512 s. Wabash (WE 9-2321). Mouth-watering 7-inch steaks broiled over open hearth. Opening for lunch about Sept. 1, dinner 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $.95 up, dinner $1.95-$4.95.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3, dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2, dinner $1.55-$4.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50, dinner $3.50-$6.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Lunch from $1.70-$2.60, dinner $3.80-$6.

London House, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Favored by the advertising fraternity, 7:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1-$1.65, dinner $3.50-$6.

Park Row, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The usual Hilton fare amid pleasant surroundings. 7:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch $1.65-$2, dinner $2.65-$3.50.

Pompeian Lounge, Congress hotel, 520 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). In yesterday's marble halls, today's delicious food and drink. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., cocktails to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.35-$3.75.

Ricketts', 103 e. Chicago (WH 4-9500). Good varied fare at all hours. Favorite late spot. Palatable pastries.

Rib Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). The best in beef any way you like it. Men only, noon to 2:30 p.m.; women welcome 2:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Prime ribs $3.95.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim, deep-sea hideaway with menu to suit the decor. Noon to midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60-$2.25, evenings a la carte.

way out

Allgauer's 6666 Ridge (BR 4-6666). Wide selection of excellent dishes, including wild game in season. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.45-$1.90, dinner $2.45-$2.95. Also **Allgauer's Fireside,** 7200 Lincoln, Lincolnwood (JU 8-8600).

Colonial Homestead, 9101 Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $2.50-$4.50, mainly a la carte.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing, other dishes all live up to their widespread fame. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Hank's, Rt. 41 & 120, Waukegan (DE 6-0515). A better-than-average roadside dining place, with music nightly, dancing Sat., 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1-$1.50, Dinner $2.25-$5.25.

Honey Bear Farm, Genoa City, Wis. Hearty meals featuring fresh produce. Special dressings and sauces to take home.

Milk Pail, e. River rd. near East Dundee (Elgin 5112 or 5113). Favorite stop for countryside explorers and lovers of fish, fowl and game. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed Mon. Lunch $1.40-$2.25, dinner $2.30-$4.75.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout and other fresh fish brought in daily by boats. Also seafoods, steaks, chops, chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$2, dinner $2-$4.50.

Weller's, n. of Dempster on Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-1920). Leisurely dining on such feasts as lobster tail, shrimps any way you like, steaks or chops. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$1.50, dinner $2.25-$4.95.

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Illustrated by Carl Schranz

1,000 Lost Golf Balls

There are approximately 5,000 golf courses in America, and no one knows how many more elsewhere in the world. It is the consuming ambition of a man named Harold M. Pond to play all of them. He probably will not succeed; it has taken him more than three decades to rack up a total of 2,000. But he may succeed in a secondary intent, to play more of them than any other golfer, despite the fact that the leader in this novel field had a score of 3,035 when last heard from. Pond is a young 57, with his best and farthest rounds before him.

By profession, Pond is a CPA, a member of the firm of Tylman, Pond & Company, accountants and auditors. Business takes him on frequent trips, and when it does he transacts it with dispatch and hurries to the nearest unplayed course, even if it is 50 miles away. He tries to play at least two or three new courses everywhere he goes.

When he returns to his hotel room, instead of laboring on business reports, Pond types up notes on the new additions to his collection. His entries on small index cards include not only a rating, the yardage and special features of a course, but additional information that he considers important, such as derivations of local place names and other oddments. His card on the Highland Country club, Iowa Falls, Iowa, records: "At clubhouse had 'Golfer's Delight' which I just invented: two hardboiled eggs, two thick slices cold roast pork, bottle Budweiser."

During a recent week-long business trip Pond took to Indiana, his home office received this message: "Only three calls today. Started to get sick and worked it off on the courses." He played 19 new courses that week.

The first recorded collector of golf courses was an English music hall actor named Charles Fletcher, now retired. Fletcher played 658 courses before hanging up his irons. Joe Kirkwood sr., the trick shot artist, claims 1,500 plus, but Pond feels that Kirkwood's total should not be considered because he is a professional golfer.

The man Pond wants to overtake is a New Yorker named Ralph A. Kennedy, whose 3,035 courses stands as a world's record. Pond is grudgingly re-

spectful of this phenomenal total, but he is inclined to depreciate it from the standpoint of quality.

"My list is more far-flung than Kennedy's" he says. "I've played 'em in every state of the Union, every province in Canada, every country of Central and South America except Bolivia and Paraguay, every country in Europe and most of the Middle East countries and Asia.

"But I'm weak in Africa and Australia," he admits gravely. "I've never been to either of those places."

Pond got started on his preoccupation back in 1921 on the Jackson park golf course, playing according to simplified instructions supplied by the golf shop staff. After a while he stopped worrying about his score and began noticing that besides greens, fairways and hazards, there were trees, shrubbery and flowers on the courses.

"I started to look around further afield, to take airplanes to interesting courses," he recalled. "At first I toyed with the botany angle, but I gave that up when I found out there were 27 varieties of acacia in America. But I stuck to collecting courses."

A conservative reckoning of the ground Pond has covered in his golf travels would come to well over 400,000 miles. Courses he has played in this country include such club-wreckers as the Delta golf course in Colorado, replete with cactus, grasshoppers and oiled-dirt greens, to the abundant woods, water and hills of Augusta National golf links in Georgia.

In view of the number of rounds he has played it seems likely that his game should be somewhat better than average. Unfortunately, this is not the case. On most days he profitably could wear a "Don't Ask Me What I Shot" badge. His worst score was made at Pine Valley, New Jersey, where he took 112.

"But that was no indication of the difficulty of that course," he said. "I was off my game and I got trapped three times in the sand. Pine Valley is supposed to be the toughest course in the world; don't you believe it! Offhand I could name 25 just as tough."

Recently Pond gathered his index cards together—all 2,000—and handed them over to Popular Mechanics Press, which sorted out those on North America and published the notes as *Harold M. Pond's Guide to 1,870 North American Golf Courses*. The title may be unwieldy, but it is accurate, and this should satisfy Pond the CPA.

Eddam

"Eddam. It's EDDAM! Don't you read the Bible? God made Eddam and then He notices he's lonesome so He takes a rib out of here and makes Iff."

"Eddam" returned to his polishing with a grunt and a shake of the head and some mutterings. It seemed a toss-up whether he bemoaned more the ignorance of Holy Writ or of the Czar's English.

The bulb overhead kindled the chrome of the row of Cadillacs. The overhead door of the garage was up. The east Chicago avenue traffic was sparse at this time of night and the only activity was the stirring of the trees across from the armory.

"Six cars I got to wash tonight. Six cars. Say, you from the union?"

"No. Adam, do you like this work?"

The palms go up with the shoulders.

"You're how old?"

"Sixty-one. On February 22nd. And I am independent, like Vashington." He turned and leaned on a fender. "I am a White Russian. I come to this country in 1913. In fact I come right here to Chicago. You know what I like about this city? The parks and the lake. I like Sunday. Sunday afternoon I have a shot and some beers and then go to the movie. And then I walk in the park. This Grant park, it is beautiful."

It is Adam's job, also, to drive home people who leave their cars in the garage every night. At this moment, a Cadillac pulled up in front of the open door. Adam said, "I be beck," and shuffled off, his one-piece uniform bagging down on his squat form.

He was back in three minutes, his mild eyes wrinkled in laughter. "Ah these young boys who come home from parties. They joke with me." His expression switched as if he'd flipped his mummer's mask upside down. "But they come so late. When I do get a chance to sit down they drive up and say, 'Hey, Eddam.' But I do my job. It's my job. And I am trusted staying here by myself all night." He withdrew his forefinger from the air and attacked the next car with his cloth.

"Are you married, Adam?"

"No, not now."

"What do you mean, not now?"

Gesturing with the rag — "I have had sad life, I think. Say —" his eyes narrowed "— are you the union?"

"No, no."

"We-ll, well, I was saying. My wife, she give me much sadness. But then it was not my wife so much; it was my mother-in-law. I come to America in 1913. I tell my wife the future is better here. She want to come but her mother doesn't let her. I come, she stays. I live alone all these years."

"What happened to your wife?"

"She was killed by the Nazis. In 1941. She should have come."

And after a while, "I have six cars to wash tonight. It is not so bad in the summer like this. But in the winter with all slush and snow and ice — tosh!"

"Do the people ever tip you for washing their cars?"

"Not a dime. Not a thin dime. But money is hard these days. I should know."

"Do you have a radio here?"

"Yes. I like radio. I like all the programs."

"Do you like music?"

"Yes. Sometimes before I go home from my Sunday I listen to the music in the Grant park. Beautiful. Yes, I like music. Russian music, like Prokofiev, Rimski-Korsakov. Even that Polski Tschaikovsky. Say —" He whirled, hands on hips.

"You sure you not the union?"

Jail for Sale

Motorists zipping along U.S. 41 up in Racine county are apt to be startled into low speed near the intersection of Wisconsin 20 by a bulky, steel-gray

vehicle with barred windows that squats alongside the road, turned so that the word "JAIL" painted on its front in large black letters glowers at oncoming traffic with grim significance.

There is less to this bogy than meets the passing eye, however, for the jail on wheels is not likely to take out after a hapless speeder to incarcerate him on the spot. It was never intended to house malefactors; in fact, one would have to buy his way in, because the jail is for sale.

The mobile dungeon was built for educational purposes by a former Racine county deputy sheriff, who fitted out a bus with cells, barred the windows and hung the walls with firearms. Then with "CRIME NEVER PAYS" painted on one side of his traveling cell block and "YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW" on the other, he toured the countryside giving citizens a complimentary jugging in the hope that once would last them forever.

Its pedigogical function at an end, the mobile jail now stands at a gas station awaiting a buyer, and casting a damper on high octane exuberance on the highway.

Life on the Bias

The late afternoon "quick one" may be following the Turkish bath into discard as a pick-me-up for exhausted executives. A knowledgeable woman who sells slanting relaxing boards at Chas. A. Stevens reports that three out of five of the gravity beauty aids end up in businessmen's offices.

This Neon Stonehenge

There is neither a djinn nor a leprechaun at large, so far as is known, within the city. But there is one fact about the place that is as implausible as either of these items might be:

There are about 75 druids in Chicago.

They observe the ancient druidic rites, trace their spiritual and philosophic heritage back 40 centuries to the Isle of Mona (which those johnnies-come-lately, the British, call Anglesey), and in general conduct their lives and affairs according to principles and precepts which were old a long time before Christianity.

Being quiet, earnest folk by temperament and policy, they seldom attract much attention. But they were noticed a bit one blustery day in January, 1949, when they held a druidic funeral with ceremonial robes and flaming torches, in Washington (Bughouse) Square.

The Arch Druid in this part of the world is a balding, garrulous little man named Jack Sheridan. He speaks with solemnity and dignity about his office and his fellow druids, and finds nothing incongruous in the transplantation of a hoary and ancient faith from the shadows of Celtic forests to this metropolitan milieu.

Sheridan himself was transplanted from Ireland to Chicago at the age of 12. He has been on and around the Near North Side for 35 years: he was a friend of, among others, Maxwell Bodenheim, the murdured poet (concerning whom Sheridan plans to write a book); he was a Dill Pickle clubman, is now a Cosmopolitan (a present-day branch of the pickle tradition), recently worked for Esquire magazine and now operates as a literary agent. Sheridan is full of anecdotes and odd intelligence and always does justice to a monologue opportunity. Speaking as Arch Druid, he explains that druidism is a wisdom, a way of life: a philosophy rather than a religion. Druidic lore has nothing to do with witchcraft, black or white magic or the worship of trees, he says with cold impatience. A number of the Chicago druids attend mass regularly on Sundays, he points out, and are the better druids for it.

The original druids were men of great learning, who devoted their lives to meditation on nature and instruction of the young. They were held in deference by the tribal authorities of their time, and came to constitute a sort of federal governing body for the otherwise dissociated peoples of pre-Roman middle Europe and the British isles.

Sheridan and his associates call themselves the American Druidic society. They are organized with little form, without charter, constitution or by-laws — in the classic tradition of the druids who passed along their wisdom from generation to generation by word of mouth, and left no literature whatsoever. There are loosely affiliated, autonomous groups in New York, Bos-

ton, Los Angeles and possibly elsewhere. Sheridan seems to consider the point unimportant, since the society has no interest in raw size, nor in growth other than by the natural gravitation of kindred spirits.

The heirarchy of the society is also vague. A member of the New York group, old in years and lore, is acknowledged as Patriarch for the nation. He apparently attained this status, as did Sheridan his, by spontaneous assumption of responsibility, and general approbation after the fact.

The society is not to be confused with the Ancient Order of Druids. This is a fraternal or insurance order flourishing in Indiana and Iowa, whose members, Sheridan says, are true druids to approximately the same degree that Masons work in stone or Elks have antlers.

But both Sheridan's society and the fraternal order probably stemmed from the same influence: a renaissance of druidic thought that took place in London around 1791 and was spread to Virginia, the Carolinas and Maryland by English settlers in 1803 and '04.

Chicago druids have no fane, sacred grove, or other headquarters. They congregate informally, mostly in each other's homes, and sociably rather than ritually. If it can be said that a prerequisite to membership exists, it is an interest in the arts. The development of artistic drive (along with the general expansion of knowledge and growth of personality) is a major objective of the precepts. The Chicago membership includes a switchman who writes short stories, a bricklayer and a waitress who paint, and a dishwasher and odd jobs man who is also a sculptor.

The group here observes the four traditional druid holidays with considerable solemnity. There's usually an 80 per cent turnout of the membership for these, Sheridan estimates.

The new year is celebrated on the night of the first new moon in March; traditionally, this holiday carries the duty to try criminals, tho this function is now largely left to the local tribal police. The next holiday is the celebration of spring and the planting of crops; with a fine sense of historical protocol, Sheridan calls attention to the fact that a later culture observes the same day as Easter.

On Midsummer or Beltane day, June 21, initiates are taken into the order, and punishments that were decreed at the new year are carried out. Hallowe'en falls on the day the druids set aside to celebrate the harvest and give thanks for the year's bounty.

The druid who was buried from Washington Square in 1949 was Hubert Wilshaw, an elderly Englishman who was widely known in Greenwich Village and Dill Pickle club circles as The Cosmic Kid.

The druid funeral was held in accordance with Wilshaw's expressed wish, and created some confusion in city hall when Sheridan went there for the necessary permit.

The British consulate was also a bit bemused. Wilshaw held the Victoria Cross; he had served with distinction in the British army, notably in the Boer war at Spion Kop, where Winston Churchill was wounded. A consular attache imperturbably attended the ceremony, bringing the Union Jack that was draped on the coffin; and members of the Chicago police department maintained decorum thruout the rites.

These included the declamation of a poem eulogizing the deceased, and another which detailed the events and accomplishments of his life.

It was thought best not even to apply for a permit for the traditional funeral pyre. Forty centuries of tradition can be as nothing in the eyes of a health commissioner. But druidic philosophy, which has survived all manner of social change, encompassed this. The body was taken to a crematorium.

No Reflection

Clem Lane, city editor of the *Daily News*, has a large mirror mounted on the wall near his desk, the better to discourage members of the staff from relaxing behind the large posts in his word factory. He seems bent on preventing duplication of a feat that occurred in the *Tribune's* city room. There a rewrite man read thru *War and Peace* with a pillar between him and the boss.

Hard Money Advocate

Twenty years of accepting small change from strangers has told on

Rosie, the African monkey that works for Sam Canzona, the wizened organ grinder of Michigan avenue and environs.

One evening not so long ago, Sam and Rosie were entertaining a group of men who obviously had been celebrating an occasion and were diffused with genial liberality. Coins were showered down at a great rate, and Rosie had never been busier garnering the largesse, stuffing it into her pocket and doffing her cap in thanks.

Things were going well until one of the men, with inspired benefaction, took a dollar bill from his wallet and proffered it to Rosie. She eyed him suspiciously.

"Take it, Rosie. Prendi la," Sam urged. Rosie looked back at him and again at the dollar, still suspicious.

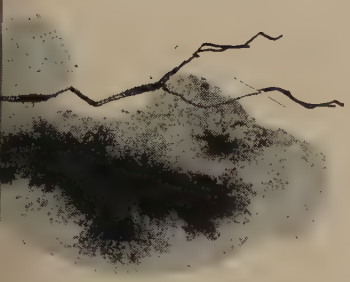
Sam raised his voice. "Santa Maria, Rosie. Prendi la. Prendi." Rosie walked over and sniffed the bill, but turned away in disdain, peered about, and tipped her cap to a penny.

THE ARSONISTS OF EAST OHIO ST.

BY TOM NOWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK J. HOPPER

PHOTOS BY DAVID JACKSON



SAFECRACKERS, TOO, INFEST A HELL THAT'S BUILT ON GOOD INTENTIONS IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAGNIFICENT MILE

In a reasonable facsimile of hell, on Ohio street just a block east of Michigan avenue, earnest men work diligently in a rambling red-brick fortress, seeking to destroy anything and everything that comes within their province.

These men use every known force of destruction except a corps of small boys, and some of their methods might well have been conceived by the likes of Dennis the Menace. Parents concerned by Junior's love of devastation, his persistence in blowing out light fuses and smashing expensive toys, would do well to apprentice the lad to the men who labor at 207 east Ohio.

Here he could burn the roof, throw heavy steel balls at the safety screens of television sets, and find the melting point of a steam iron. Or, if he's really uninhibited, he could fire machine gun blasts at bulletproof glass designed to protect bank tellers in time of holdup, or learn to crack a safe in defiance of the most elaborate of burglar alarm systems.

Junior would also learn that crime is a very hard medium thru which to make a living. With this attainment, he would have every chance of growing into a dedicated man. For while his mentors would be men who live by destruction, they are dedicated to safety.

The old brick building in Streeterville is the home of Underwriters' Laboratories, a non-profit enterprise of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Organized without capital stock under the laws of the state of Delaware, the Laboratories' mission is:

"To prevent loss of life and property from the hazards of fire, casualty and crime."

To achieve this the Laboratories employs a staff of 360 men and women in Chicago, 125 in New York and 25 in San Francisco. In addition to these, there are 300 field inspectors who make unannounced visits to client factories, ever checking and testing to be certain that the products' safety standards remain the same as those that were submitted to the Laboratories for approval. The Laboratories jealously guards its Label of Approval, and once won by a manufacturer it can be held only by the continued maximum safety of the article involved.

The explosive story of the Laboratories began in 1893 when the first Chicago World's Fair was under construction. Thomas Edison's brand new incandescent bulb was to be one of the main attractions and chief sources of light. Actually, it almost made the members of the fire department eligible for Actors Equity, because the department soon found itself making almost scheduled appearances at the fair.

As a result, the insurance companies of Boston sent William Henry Merrill to investigate. Merrill, an engineer, moved in with the fire department. He slept in the fire barn, and he went to all the fires at the Hyde Park fair grounds.

He soon reported a most logical conclusion:

"These newfangled things should be tested before they are installed, and all of the bugs should be worked out before they are offered to the public."

Consequently, in 1894, Underwriters' Laboratories began its first stage of development. Merrill was in charge.

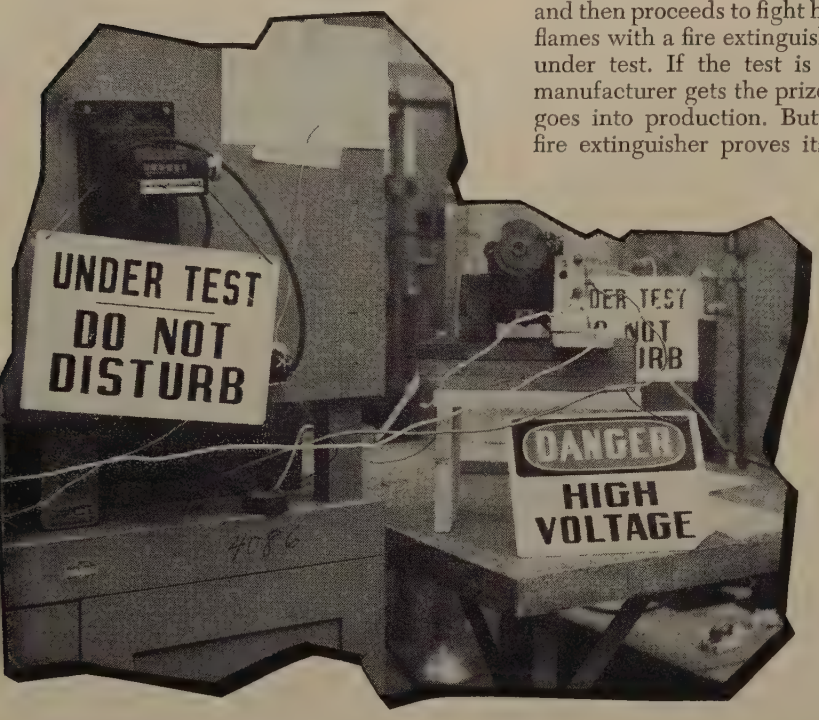
The project has grown steadily thru the years, always zealously guarding its non-profit status. Its clients now include 6,000 manufacturers operating 6,500 plants and producing two billion safeguarded articles. During a recent year nearly 850,000 Labels of Approval were used on tested products, materials and alarms systems.

Camera-shy C. R. Welborn is the present and fourth president of the Laboratories. He has an engineering degree from the University of Mississippi and a modest inclination toward silence. Karl Geiges, the chief engineer, (picture, p. 18) is a little more talkative.

Asked what it's like never to forsake

boyhood's delight in taking things apart with no intention at all of putting them together again, Geiges said: "It's wonderful, wonderful. Every day is just like starting a fresh vacation."

He explained that the Laboratories is engaged in a constant quest for engineering talent: "Our recruiters go to every school in the country, and we compete with industry for outstanding engineering graduates. Our search is never ending and, no, we don't kill our men. The Laboratories has never had a fatal accident, even with all of the fire and explosive power we use."



From the very beginning, Underwriters' Laboratories spurned "scale" tests. When the scientists and engineers go to work on a product, they take the complete, full-size item, fresh from an assembly line. If a furnace is to be tested, they get the whole furnace and install it in the laboratory just as it would be installed in a home or commercial building. The same is true for huge firedoors designed to save lives and dollars in industrial plants, hotels, ships or apartment houses.

Stocky Albert Steiner, black-haired, plump and mustached, is arsonist-in-chief at the Laboratories. Steiner must live an exemplary life, for Satan surely has a covetous eye on him. In fact, Steiner could give the Devil aces and spades, and still come up with a warmer workshop on a January day.

Steiner is an exceptionally pleasant man, with more the appearance of a Romance language professor than an extremely hard-boiled engineer. It is hard to believe he lives by dreaming up safety tests designed to frustrate manufacturers. But he and his assistant engineers live by the old slogan: "Fire must serve, never dominate."

These men work in basement laboratories that must resemble the tortured dreams of a dying sinner. Among the quieter things that happen here is the work of a studious young man who, in a remote corner, pours exactly two gallons of gasoline into an open container, casually strikes and applies a match, and then proceeds to fight his self-made flames with a fire extinguisher which is under test. If the test is passed, the manufacturer gets the prized label and goes into production. But, unless the fire extinguisher proves its merit, the manufacturer is turned down and asked to try again.

The thought of fire haunts the lives of all hotel men and apartment house operators. Many rapidly spreading fires have been traced to placing non-treated decorations and furnishings in an otherwise fire-proof building. In many cases, tragedy could have been averted had contractors, builders and decorators used slower burning materials. But many lacked adequate information.

To fill this void, the Laboratories recently installed a unique furnace. It is believed this testing device will save thousands of lives and dollars beyond estimate if, during the next few years, builders abide by forthcoming recommendations.

Simple in design, the new furnace can accommodate a sample of material 25 feet long and 20 inches wide. It is attached to the top of the furnace and then lowered into flames fanned by an artificial wind. The test seeks to answer: 1) How fast does the material burn? 2) How much smoke does it produce?

Fast burning materials are an obvious danger; smoke producers suffocate as many persons as are burned to death.

There are other furnaces, huge gas-burning affairs, designed to torture fire doors and windows, entire roofs and building materials.

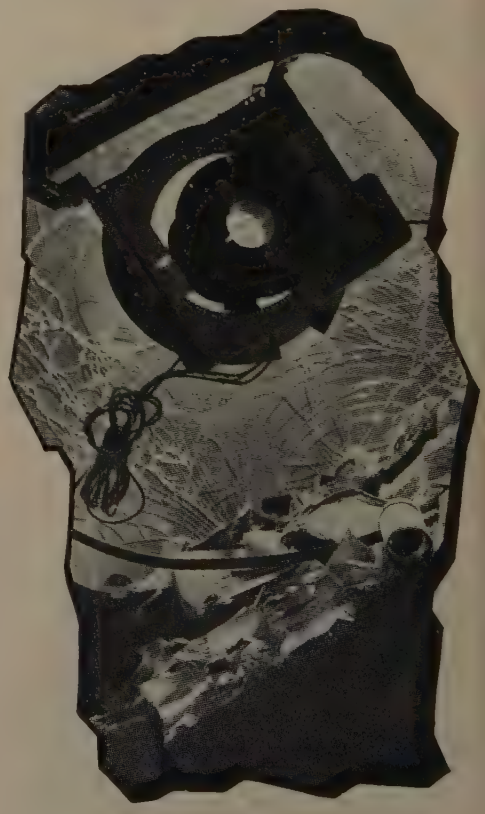
The heat in these reaches 1,500 degrees in 30 minutes and then rises to a maximum 2,300 degrees within a specified time. When the flames reach their peak, streams of cold water are played upon the burning material at firehose impact. Thus the product under test gets a three-way workout: flame, cold water at peak heat, and impact under extremely unfavorable conditions.

UPSTAIRS THERE IS a laboratory that resembles the home appliances section of any department store. There is a bountiful stock of television sets, radios, electric washers, ironers, refrigerators, electric blankets and deep freezes. At first glance, many salespeople appear to be making many strange demonstrations; but there are no customers.

A man in a corner is throwing a pound-and-a-quarter steel ball at a television set. He is not in a rage. He may even like television. But at the moment he's being paid to try to shatter the set's safety screen.

Few people realize as they watch their favorite programs that the TV set which gives them so much pleasure might, in a moment, become an instrument of severe personal injury or even death. The picture tube is a big vacuum. Should it break, there would be an explosion. Ordinary glass would be hurled as far as 20 feet. To protect viewers, a safety screen of shatterproof glass is provided.

If the screen survives the steel ball, the man making the test will soon try another. He'll take a steel bar and ram



it thru the cabinet. Then he will survey his devastation.

In this department the engineers are psychologists, too. They put themselves in the consumers' shoes and try to make the same mistakes the average user will make. Electric irons are left connected to outlets for days; electric cords are twisted to the end of their endurance, and electric blankets are pulled and tugged in movements simulating those of a restless sleep. If one short circuits or catches fire, the test is failed. Most manufacturers stand ready to suspend production just as soon as they are informed that their product is unsafe.

The Laboratories tells of one approved iron that a forgetful owner left connected to an outlet when she went off on a two-week vacation. When she returned, the iron had smouldered its way thru the ironing board, thru the kitchen floor, and was dangling between basement ceiling and floor. The iron was still working, and there was no flame. That, said the Laboratories, is the ultimate in safety.

Two of the most talented safecrackers in the United States work for Underwriters' Laboratories. Their identities are never revealed, for both men are fully aware of their danger. Underworld characters bent on burglarizing a bank would have little compunction at adding kidnapping to their list of crimes. The master cracksmen of the Laboratories would be extremely valuable on such a job, and neither wants to be called into consultation with a gun pointed at his head.

The boss safecracker spends most of his time in Chicago, and he doesn't even have a nickname. The other, whom colleagues call Jimmy Valentine, works mostly on the road.

To get to a safe worth breaking, a thief first must gain entry to the building, which is almost invariably protected by an alarm system. A quick look at the Laboratories' records on burglar alarms shows that over a seven-year period there were 5,523 attempts to defeat approved systems. Of the total, there were 121 cases of alarm failure; in other words, the safety approved alarms were 97.8 per cent successful.

Because many alarm failures are due to owners forgetting to set them at closing time, Laboratories inspectors in this field often just show up in the middle of the night and try to break into the protected establishment. Consequently, several have spent nights in jail as burglary suspects.

There was one case where a solid charge was lodged against a Laboratories man. By arrangement with its officials, he was to spend the night in a bank and try to break into the vault. Every time he tried to violate the huge steel doors, an alarm rang in police headquarters. Each time, not daring to take a chance, policemen in prowl cars rushed to the bank. Finally their patience ended. The Laboratories man was hustled to police headquarters and thrown into a cell. He was charged with being a public nuisance.

Before a safe wins Laboratories approval it is subjected to tests which include all known methods of safecrackers. There is a constant war of wits being waged between vault manufacturers and professional cracksmen. The crooks take each new "burglar-proof" device as an affront and a challenge. So, while underworld methods are basically as old as the first burglar-proof safe, new angles are always appearing. To stay abreast of developments, the Laboratories men keep in constant contact with police departments all over the country.

There is reason to believe that enterprising safe robbers have attempted to gain information and instruction from the Laboratories. There have been letters received, requesting information and written, supposedly, in the name of a reputable company. But, when asked to resubmit the request on a company letterhead and signed by a company official, only one in 12 of such writers complied.

WHEN JIMMY VALENTINE and his boss test a safe they pick the lock and blast it. They use crowbars and hammers. Every possible form of violation is dealt the vault. If it stands up under their efforts for a full 60 minutes of working time it is approved.

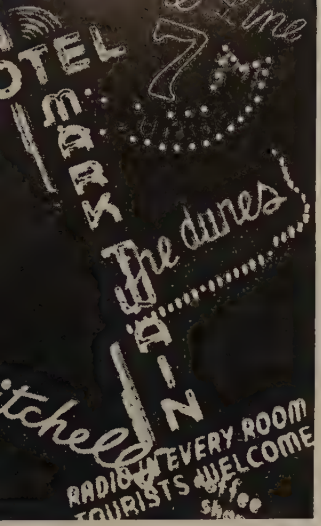
Because they have no nervous tension, no fear of the law, and do not have to conclude their work before a bank or office opens, they know that if it took them an hour to crack a safe, a professional cracksman would take a full working day to get the same results.

Then, just to be sure it is fireproof as well, the safe under test is subjected to the flames of the giant furnaces, hoisted to a height equal to that of two floors, and dropped. Papers within must not be scorched by flames, nor the door sprung open by impact of the fall.

The two honest safecrackers get a big kick out of telling the story of a pair of imaginative Chicagoans who decided to make a real profession of safecracking. They thought of everything. One got himself a job as an apprentice in a lock factory. The other went with a manufacturer of burglar alarms. They earned honest livings with evil intent for a full year, and charged it off as tuition.

Then they voted themselves diplomas as certified cracksmen and went out on their first job. They were in the arms of the law within five minutes after they entered the building.

Taking every care to avoid the tricky alarm, they had entered thru a window. A passerby saw them climbing in.



The World of Montgomery Ward Thorne

FAMILY HISTORIES

THORNE

1905 Major George Thorne, co-founder of Ward's, turned over his business interests to his sons, one of whom, William, became president of Ward's and added to the family fortune.

1917 William Thorne died at 46 while chairman of the board of Ward's and the fortune passed on to his son, Gordon C.

1920 Mayme McDougall, daughter of an Ashland, Wis., coal crane operator, graduated from nursing school in Chicago.

1928 Mayme (now known to her friends as "Mickey") McDougall Bolin, divorced Jame Bolin, a dentist, in Hammond, Ind., and later was engaged to care for Gordon Thorne, who was convalescing from a serious illness.

1952 Monty Thorne made his first will, leaving his estate to his mother. On Christmas Day, according to Mrs. Ragen, Mrs. Thorne invited her and Maureen to dinner to meet Monty.

RAGEN

1881 James M. Ragen sr. was born "back of the yards."

1906 Ragen killed a professional boxer and was acquitted of manslaughter after he pleaded self-defense.

1921 Ragen became circulation manager of the Chicago "Herald Examiner."

1923 Ragen entered the racing news business.

1946 Ragen was ambushed on the South Side by syndicate gunmen and killed.

1950 Aleen Ragen, mother of Maureen, divorced James Ragen jr.

1954 On June 9, Monty Thorne signed a second will, leaving Maureen Ragen one-half of his estate, Mrs. Ragen one-fourth, an aunt one-eighth, and his mother one-eighth. In addition, he named Maureen, whom he had told many people he intended to marry, executrix of his estate. On June 19, his body was found lying across the bed of his one-room apartment on Scott street. After a month and ten days of rumors and innuendos regarding Monty's life and habits, all centering around an opinion by the coroner's physician that he had been poisoned, a panel of eminent pathologists stated its conclusion that Thorne died a natural death, of acute pneumonia. With murder eliminated, the Thorne case remained a matter of sensation, its next act a legal battle between Mrs. Thorne and Maureen over Monty's two wills.

The Thorne Case had all the circumstances of murder except, as it turned out, the fact of murder. And with this fact eliminated, the mystery remained and in some ways deepened: Whose narcotics equipment was taped to the closet ceiling? Why was Monty shadowed? Why did he fear for his life? Why did he warn that his death should be thoroly investigated?

And beyond the mystery, there is the implacable drama of the death of a rich young man in the years of his most restless living; the fragile prettiness of Maureen Ragen, his fiancee, heiress and executrix; the raw estrangement between mother and son. The tragedy was played out against a background of comparably lurid past events in both the Thorne and Ragen families. In a sense different from the usual, the interplay of these families exemplifies the big city "melting pot": wealth and position won on the fringe of slum or underworld by immigrants' children, mingles with that which has been handed down from great mercantile pioneers.

In Chicago, these elements of drama have their natural setting on the Near

Young Thorne worked as a water skier at Cypress Gardens, Florida, during the making of Esther Williams' movie *Easy to Love* in 1952. He was known for a rare ability to ski barefoot. Last year Maureen Ragen visited Monty while he was attending Fordham university in New York. They posed happily at Eddie Condon's jazz club in Greenwich Village. Suz Anne Rooks, last person to see Monty alive, was noted around Near North Side for habitually wearing plaid shorts in the summers. Scoffing at reports that he visited bars frequented by homosexuals, she said "He liked girls as much as I like boys."

Monty was 18 months old when he posed with parents in family's Sheridan road home. This marriage was playboy father's fourth, mother's second. Shadowy figure on edge of case is James M. Ragen jr. (above), divorced father of Monty's fiancee, Maureen. Her mother's lawyers and federal agents have searched for Ragen in Europe, believing he secretly took $1,000,000 of his assets abroad.

North Side. One result of the Thorne case was to focus attention on this unique area where bohemia, underworld, slum and plutocracy crisscross, blend and merge in what was a placid neighborhood on the edge of town when Monty Thorne's great grandfather was building a great mail-order house, and the grandfather of Maureen Ragen took his first job as a packing-house worker.

THE NEAR NORTH Side preserves some of that tranquility at Division street beach, which is not a beach at all, but a wide concrete terrace that slopes gently into the green water of Lake Michigan a mile and a half north of Madison street. On warm days this sandless riviera is a solarium for young adults from the nearby apartments and rooming houses, and a swimming hole for children from the sweltering flats farther west. In the evenings elderly men in straw hats sit on benches along the narrow strip of lawn between the concrete beach and the asphalt outer drive, sniffing the fresh lake breeze and watching the waves lap softly at the unyielding man made shore line.

There is an unsurpassed view from Division street beach. A line of towering apartment buildings guards the lakefront for half a mile in each direction. At the north it drops off abruptly into the rolling lawns and leafy groves of Lincoln park. To the south the skyline sweeps around a crescent of white sand at Oak street beach and juts east along the north edge of Streeterville. A bather can stand on the cement at Division street and look straight south to the Drake Towers, the home of Mrs. Marion Thorne. Or he can look straight west down the axis of the world of Montgomery Ward Thorne.

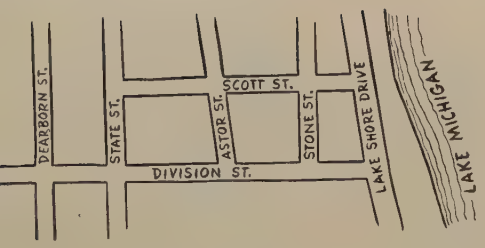
It's less than half a mile from the beach to Clark street, the other pole of that strip of Division where young Thorne spent his days and nights. Beyond Clark, Division runs past a Negro slum district, across the industrial hodge-podge of Goose Island, into the heart of Chicago's chief Polish community where Nelson Algren set *The Man with the Golden Arm* and out thru the West Side to middle class Austin and Oak Park. It's no revelation that Chicago in general and the Near North Side in particular possess swiftly changing geography — Gold Coast to slum in two blocks and that sort of thing. Nowhere is that variety more apparent than in the short stretch of Division street east of Clark.

A tourist in the area can come away with almost any of his preconceived notions reinforced; a journalist can find at least fragmentary evidence for whatever warped "expose" he has been instructed to write (one even concluded that the entire community was engaged — spiritually at least — in a weird bacchanalian dance); a kid away from his family would find the neighborhood stimulating in many ways, and it might turn him in any one of a dozen directions. To those who live in Monty Thorne's physical environment, its myriad facets are to be employed and enjoyed according to one's taste, not to be tittered at or drenched with crocodile tears.

From the beach at the foot of Division street, a pedestrian subway ducks under ten lanes of speeding traffic and emerges on the west side of the inner drive. A luxury apartment building rises 12 stories at the northwest corner, running inland a short block to the south end of Stone street. North of this structure between Stone and the drive stands the stately two-story paragon of French architecture that houses the U. S. Court of Appeals. On the west side of Stone street in the block north of Division are the utilitarian buildings and small paved playgrounds of the Latin School of Chicago.

A little farther north, just beyond Scott street, rises the nine-story apartment building at 1244 Stone street, the home of Monty's fiancee, Maureen Ra-

Maureen and her mother live in luxurious apartment building (left) at 1244 Stone. Monty's modest room (below) at 54 east Scott looked out onto an alley behind the Ragens' flat. Suz Anne Rooks lived in a mansion converted into a rooming house at southeast corner of Astor and Scott. Monty visited her about an hour before he died.



gen. And a few doors west on Scott, at number 54 east, is the three-story rooming house where young Thorne lived. The building runs north along an alley to within a few feet of the more luxurious structure where the Ragens reside.

On the south side of Scott street at the end of the block is another three-story rooming house. It actually fronts on Scott, but uses an Astor number, since the latter street is considered a more distinguished address. Here lived Suz Anne Rooks, Monty's friend who was the last person to see him alive. Jack Goggin still keeps his apartment in this building. He was host at a big party Monty may have attended briefly the night before he died.

Scott and Division are remarkably quiet streets between Lake Shore drive and State, a long block to the west. They lie at the south end of the half-mile that is the most luxurious part of the Gold Coast. Commercial interests have been largely kept out of the area and those rooming houses which have come to occupy some of the mansions tend to be neat and expensive.

Property values are high on this part of Division and the old three-story row houses that line most of the street stand shoulder to shoulder without an inch of space between.

Residents of the block are uncommonly interested in horticulture. Some meager front yards contain flowered trellises, and the faces of several buildings have window boxes or climbing vines. At 32 east, the entire yard is a bed of red petunias surrounding an urn full of white ones.

It is at the intersection with State street that the character of Division first changes fundamentally. Here the street car tracks begin and residential buildings abruptly give way to commercial ones.

At the northeast corner is Mitchell's, a small restaurant which aspires to be a rendezvous for celebrities, and has big windows and bright lights suitable for displaying any who may become its patrons. It serves good food quickly and at moderate prices. Monty ate there the night before he died.

East of Mitchell's on Division is the Dunes, a little bar with soft lights and smart decor that Suz Anne Rooks often patronized. She says Thorne never went there, and it makes sense. He was a minor, and a place like the Dunes has to be very careful about those things. It is the northernmost of several Near North Side taverns which cater chiefly to the young adults who live in their immediate vicinity, as distinguished from those who come into the area on weekends. Along with Larry's on Rush street, Figaro's and the Surfside on Oak, and the Surrey on Ontario, the Dunes abjures television and 26 games in favor of carefully selected non-Hit Parade juke-box music.

Paradoxically, a place run in strict obedience to the law is most likely to incur the disfavor of the police department. If a saloon is paying off the authorities so that a certain violation, say all-night operation, is sanctioned, then it is not likely to be bothered about anything else, either. But a straight place that seeks no special favors is always under careful surveillance.

The patrons of the Dunes are radio, newspaper and advertising people, college students, artists and writers. Eartha Kitt visited the place frequently when she was in town with *New Faces*. In fact, she almost married one of the bartenders.

THE CLOSEST THING to a tough element at the Dunes consists of a few phonies who find narcotics addiction a romantic theme for guarded conversation and knowing nods.

The southwest corner of State and Division has a Walgreen drugstore and the southeast corner, formerly occupied by a rather hoody bar called the Airliner, is now a link in the growing Near North Side chain of Milano's Italian restaurants.

North of Division on State are Chic's, a neat little tavern that attracts some of the rank and file touring theatrical people who stay in the area; a Davidson's bakery; an A. & P., and the Zebra lounge, a quiet, swank bar inside the Canterbury Court hotel where Dunes customers might go when they are dressed up. Farther up the block are rooming houses and apartments, some on a par with those farther east, some humbler.

South of Milano's lies the Gold Coast market, a large grocery store that stays open late, maintains some of the personal service atmosphere of pre-supermarket days, has a big liquor department, and charges formidable prices.

The next block on Division is lined with small clothing stores, a barber shop, a shoe-shine parlor, a drugstore, two restaurants, three bars and a grocery store.

One of the restaurants is the North Star, which sells very good food for very much money. The other is a B/G, which sells B/G food at B/G prices.

One of the bars is the Near North Side's most durable refuge for homosexuals. A few steps west is Sandra's, whose matchbooks advertise "Where Boy Meets Girl." The slogan has considerable validity, and in a non-commercial sense. Sandra's clientele is a compromise between that of the Dunes and an average neighborhood tavern. The other bar, at 20 w. Division, has an active television set and attracts an older and shabbier crowd.

On the northeast corner of Dearborn and Division there is the only outdoor news-stand in Chicago that stocks back number magazines. *Punch* and *Harper's* are among its staples. Just north of State on the east side of Dearborn is Ballantine's restaurant, where excellent food is served slowly. Upstairs the youthful members of the Playwrights Theater club go about their dedicated business of presenting off-beat plays imaginatively staged. Across the street the Surf theater screens the newest and best of British movies.

THE ROOMING HOUSES and hotels on Dearborn are of much the same caste as those on State. In the next block, the character of Division street changes quickly from middle-class to honky-tonk. The three bars in this street are all of the television variety. Shops diverge in price and clientele. Jim and Enrico's serves some of the best pizza in town. La Modette has long featured fancy garters for saucy girls. An all-night eatery at the northwest corner of Clark and Division attracts a noisy, unkempt crowd.

This intersection is also the hub of the city's chief Japanese business district, whose stores and restaurants are intermingled with shops offering cheap general merchandise. Dressler's drugstore, a self-service establishment on the northeast corner, interprets its role even more broadly than do most of its contemporaries, stocking such items as kitchen ware and clothesline.

Diagonally across the intersection stands the Mark Twain hotel, where young Thorne registered many times for purposes which have been called mysterious. On the ground floor of the hotel a bar presents strip tease shows in which the girls are not very attractive. On the other side of Clark street, at the Talk of the Town, the same routines are carried out by performers who are often quite pretty.

From Division street beach to the Mark Twain hotel, it's a short walk but a broad sweep of human activity. A boy on his way up could rise faster for knowing it. One who was falling could be hurried along the path of destruction.

Photo credits, left to right starting with top row on each page: p. 22: William Miller; Cinerama, Wide World, International. P. 23: Int'l., United Press; Miller, U.P., Russell Hamm. P. 25: U.P., Wide World, U.P., Wide World, U.P., Int'l.

Mrs. Marion Thorne clutched her rosary as she was questioned by Coroner Walter McCarron during inquest into Monty's death; in an unguarded moment while she was off the witness stand, the photo at right was caught. Nine days before he died young Thorne changed his will, cutting his mother's share of his estate to one-eighth, and leaving most of his wealth to Maureen and Mrs. Ragen.

Monty's pal Dennis Annis, of 2422 Catalpa, races stock cars at Soldier Field. Of young Thorne he said, "I'll never have a better friend. But I figured we'd drift apart some day; we came from different worlds. Probably the main thing about Monty was that he believed in moderation. He never went to extremes."

McCarron wiped perspiration as he questioned Mrs. Ragen. Maureen broke down several times during inquest hearings. Friends and most of the evidence agreed that she and Monty were very much in love.

McCarron wore sport shirt and jacket to press conference where coroner's physician. Dr. Harry Leon, proclaimed that Monty had died of morphine, alcohol and barbiturate poisoning. Later a panel of four expert pathologists determined that death had been caused by pneumonia.

illustrated by Larry Klein

3 dozen vice-presidents, 2 Morgan partners, the Massachusetts Investors Trust and Mr. A. Moyer Kulp.

Napoleon of

During his quarter-century at Montgomery Ward's, Sewell Avery has also fough

In the summer of 1931 Sewell Avery was playing his favorite game — golf — at a fashionable north shore club. A messenger came running from the club house.

"There's a long distance telephone call for you from New York, Mr. Avery," the messenger said.

Avery sauntered to the club house. He thought the call pertained to United States Gypsum company, of which he was president. He was mistaken.

Back in New York a group of J. P. Morgan and Company partners huddled around a telephone. Their firm held a big stake in Montgomery Ward and Company, a famous old Chicago mail order house which had been so battered by the depression it was in imminent danger of collapsing. The Morgan partners wanted Avery to run Ward's.

The telephone connection was not good, but the Morgan partners explained their offer — it included an option to buy Ward stock — and Avery listened. The line sputtered; it became difficult to hear. However, the Morgan partners believed they heard Avery say he would accept. That was fine, they said, and hung up.

"I banana-peeled into this place," Avery told Ward stockholders years later, "and couldn't get out."

Nearly a quarter century later Avery is still running Ward's. He has become Chicago's — and quite possibly the nation's — most controversial businessman. A man of positive views, his career is studded with battles — with his executives, his stockholders, his employees and even the United States army.

Avery's battle with the army in 1944 brought him to wide public attention. Avery had refused to comply with a War Labor Board decision in a fight between Ward's and Local 20 of the United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees of America (CIO). The United States government took over the company and a force of soldiers moved to Ward's plant on the banks of the Chicago river. A skirmish developed.

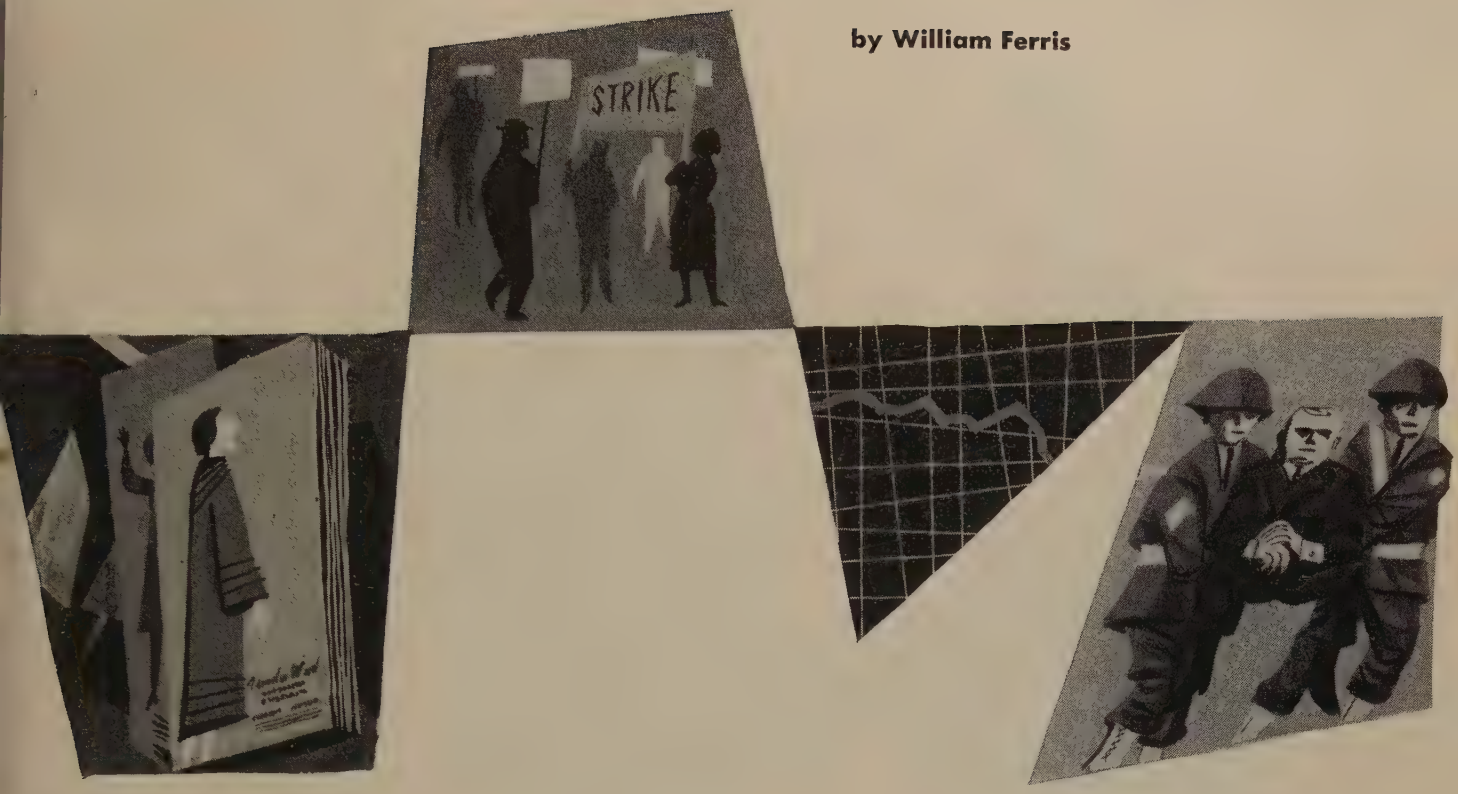
Many people may remember a news picture which stemmed from this incident: Avery being carried bodily out of Ward's plant by two soldiers. This made the incident look a little more dramatic than it was. Actually Avery, when informed the Army was taking over, and his services weren't needed, went down in the elevator on his own two feet. It wasn't until he reached the ground level that he balked, and the soldiers lifted him. Avery sat calmly in the arms of the soldiers, looking serenely ahead at the excited photographers fighting to get his picture. Subsequently, the government turned the company back to Avery.

It was during this period that the union called a strike against the company. Officials held a meeting in a Chicago loop hotel. After the meeting Avery, against advice, returned to the Ward plant — walking thru the picket line. The pickets, recognizing him, set up a loud chorus of boos and catcalls.

Once inside Avery turned to his staff and winked. "I guess they don't dislike me so much," he said, "listen to them cheer."

This irony runs thru much of Avery's conversation. To a stockholders' meeting he said, "We gave great care to the

by William Ferris



he north branch

s company and the U.S. Army to a stalemate.

preparation of the annual report and I assume you received it. I don't assume you read it. For this you deserve a flowery commendation." When criticized for his handling of personnel, he insists he has always given his executives "tender care." Recalling Ward's stock sold at $11 a share when he became president, Avery once confided, "Because of the rare confidence in my name as a business leader, the stock quickly dropped from $11 to $4." Aware of his reputation, he expressed hope his stockholders would "think me less devilish than I have been made out, altho I am not beautiful."

Avery is trim, sleek, good-looking. For 80 he's remarkably well preserved. He gives an outward impression of great calm, but this can be quickly disrupted by an impertinent stockholder or an irreverent vice president. On such occasions he has difficulty in keeping the red anger out of his face. He's quick at repartee, utilizing a nice choice of words. His dominance of Ward's — the nation's second largest retail merchandiser — is complete, a fact attested by the imposing list of presidents and vice presidents who have been fired or have resigned in disgust.

Since Avery went to Ward's four presidents and about three dozen vice presidents have passed in and out of the company's executive offices. The number of ex-presidents undoubtedly would be larger if Avery himself had not held that position for many years before calling himself chairman and chief executive officer. The top ranks of American business are sprinkled with former lieutenants of Avery. These alumni hold such posts — mentioning only a few — as the presidencies of the Radio Corporation of America, Bonwit-Teller and Butler Brothers, the vice presidency of General Motors, presidency of Scott-Burr Stores, executive vice presidency of W. T. Grant company and presidency of the American Management association.

THE BIGGEST UPROAR in Avery's turbulent career occurred in 1948 and 1949, resulting in what Avery termed "a conspiracy against management" — that is, against Avery. It also resulted in leaving Avery alone in the executive suite — the president and all the vice presidents had gone, along with the two Morgan partners on the board of directors. As an illustration of the bitter tensions behind the smooth facade of big business, in back of the placid pronouncements of the press releases, this executive explosion is illuminating.

About mid-1948 Wilbur Norton, Ward president, and eight vice presidents threatened to quit the company. They handed in resignations to Avery, who stalled them off by calling a special directors meeting to discuss company policies. The officers were annoyed by the manner in which Avery intruded into their jobs, plus their lack of executive authority.

At the directors meeting, David Crawford, then president of Pullman, Inc., and Avery's friend, introduced a resolution which changed the company's by-laws. These changes appeared to take some powers from Avery and give them to Norton.

Avery had not expected the amendments would be noted in newspapers, but they were. Financial writers interpreted the amendments as meaning

Avery was relinquishing his authority. These interpretations, clipped from newspapers, rested on Avery's desk when he returned from a business trip. They incensed him. He stormed into Norton's office, where a conference of top executives was under way.

Scathingly, Avery asked his officers to give their interpretations of the new by-laws. Pointing his finger at Norton, Avery said, "I'd like to hear from you first." Norton tried to answer, but Avery shut him up with, "Enough of that. You better talk to Ball about it."

Stuart Ball was secretary. Norton asked Ball what the new by-laws meant and Ball replied that, because Avery still was chief executive officer, there had been no substantial change in the company's management. Avery then called another special meeting of directors for June 10, when Norton was scheduled to go East to attend his daughter's graduation. Norton got the impression the directors would not get into personnel problems, and therefore left for Boston.

In Boston on June 10 Norton received a telegram from Ball, asking Norton to call immediately. Norton did.

"I'm speaking at the request of the board of directors to ask for your resignation, Bill," Ball said.

Norton was stunned. He said he wanted to talk to one of the directors. Crawford came to the phone, repeating Ball's request. Norton said, "All right, I'll resign."

"We want it in writing," Crawford said. "Send us a telegram."

Norton agreed. The company then announced his resignation to the newspapers in Chicago.

There were two interesting points about this meeting: first, the two directors of the board who were members of J. P. Morgan and Company were not in attendance; second, the amendments to the by-laws, defining executive functions, were rescinded by resolution of the board.

THERE THEN FOLLOWED the most shocking upheaval in top corporate management the post-war period has produced. Two waves of resignations swept over the company, one in June, 1948, and the other in April, 1949, just before the annual stockholders meeting.

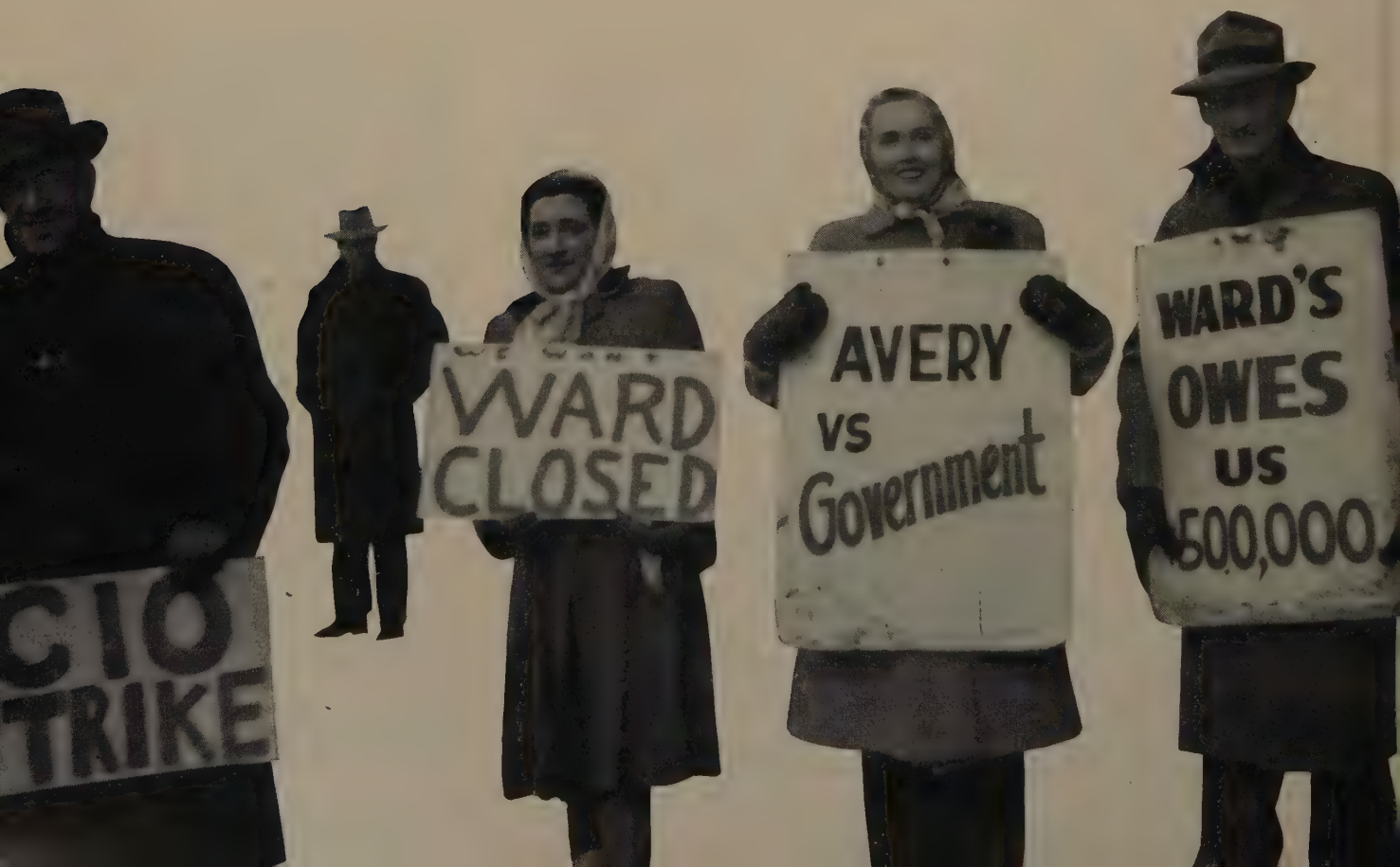
One resigning vice president said, "The constant turmoil makes it impossible to work here." Another, who had been with the company longer than Avery, announced, "I do not intend to go thru another management crisis such as the company is now experiencing." A third stated, "The disrupted and unstable condition that has arisen in the officer group convinces me there is no more security at present than there has been in the past."

In addition to the resignations of executives, the two J. P. Morgan and Company directors quit the board. They were George Whitney, president of Morgan, and H. P. Davison, who had been instrumental in bringing Avery to Ward's. They issued a joint statement, in the best Morgan bedside manner, laying their action to "certain differences of opinion . . . as to matters of policy, largely involving the internal organization of the company."

Two days before the April, 1949 stockholders meeting, Avery was left alone at the top — the president and all the vice presidents had gone. Avery promptly appointed eight new vice presidents, brought them along to the stockholders meeting and blithely announced, "I get along with these fellows very well."

Thruout these festivities Avery was well served by Ball, who shortly received his reward. Avery made Ball president. Speaking before the 1950 stockholders meeting, Ball said, "We know that each of us is under a test. We know that there will be weaknesses in all of us. We expect him (Avery) to point those out to us. But let me assure you that we are not working here in fear." Ball may not have been afraid, but evidently he didn't pass his test. He got bounced in 1952. (The first Ball knew of his dismissal was when Edmund Krider, the new president, walked into Ball's office and told him he was thru.)

Avery has entered the ring against numerous dissident stockholders, ranging in capacity from near-cranks to such august personalities as Merrill Griswold, chairman of Massachusetts



Sewell Avery got in trim for taking on his own executives and the House of Morgan by a preliminary skirmish with the CIO. This fracas occurred during World War II, when Avery defied a number of government rulings in favor of the union. His adamant stand precipitated strikes which closed Ward's stores thruout the country. Eventually they brought Avery to nationwide attention thru a photograph taken in December, 1944, when two soldiers carried him bodily out of Ward's plant in Chicago. The concern was formally run by the Secretary of War for 10 months, but in October, 1945, it was turned back to Avery by Major General David McCoach jr. By that time, Avery and the general were on good terms.

Investors Trust, oldest and largest mutual fund in the United States. It includes a sprinkling of Cabots and Lodges among its directors. It sells shares to the public, investing the proceeds in stocks and bonds. For many years the fund has held a good sized block of Ward common stock. On several occasions the trust has refused to send in proxies (which would have meant voting for Avery) to Ward's annual stockholders meeting, urging other stockholders to adopt the same attitude. Griswold once explained, "If enough proxies are withheld perhaps the directors will see the light." Griswold said the directors were responsible for "keeping Mr. Avery on as chairman year after year despite the fact that his dictatorial methods are bound to be destructive to the morale of the personnel."

The Wellington Fund, a Philadelphia mutual fund, has also taken a dim view of Avery on several occasions. One year it sent a representative, A. Moyer Kulp, to discuss the corporation's affairs with Avery the day before the annual stockholders meeting. On the day of the meeting, Kulp issued a statement to newspapermen, saying his fund would not vote for Avery as a director, and then scooted back to Philadelphia before the meeting officially started. Avery obtained the most votes in the company's history. As the meeting adjourned, he said, "I wonder if Mr. Kulp would like to make a statement" — and then, mockingly, "Oooh, has the good gentlemen left us?"

The central figure in all this commotion describes himself as "an individual who has worked all his life in heavy responsibilities." He was born in Saginaw, Michigan, on Nov. 4, 1873, the son of a quite well-to-do lumberman. He was graduated from the University of Michigan law school in 1894 and became secretary of a small gypsum plant — some old records say his father partly owned the plant — at Alabaster, Michigan. He once told a reporter his greatest fear as a young man was that he might be inadequate, might fail to meet the responsibilities of his job.

When several little gypsum plants were put together around the turn of the century to form United States Gypsum company, the Alabaster firm and its young secretary became central figures in the merger. Avery was named eastern sales manager. He moved to the presidency in 1905, when he was 32. He's never been anything but a president or chairman since that day.

Avery and United States Gypsum grew up and prospered together. Even in the depression "Gyp"—Avery's slang term for the company — ground out the

dividends to its surprised, but happy, stockholders. While other, more famous men lost their glamor in the lean, bitter years, Avery's name came to be whispered about as the miracle man. Of him it was said, "Avery has been shaken to the top while everyone else has been shaken down." That's why the Morgan partners so urgently wanted Avery at Montgomery Ward.

Ward's was in desperate condition. From $13,400,000 in 1929, the company's earnings dropped to a paltry $423,000 in 1930. In 1931 the company posted a staggering net loss of $8,700,000. Sears, Roebuck and Company, the big rival, offered to merge by exchanging one share of Sears' stock for three shares of Ward's — and it seemed as if that would be the only way to save Ward's from bankruptcy. Then came Avery.

The subsequent recovery of Ward's cannot be attributed entirely to Avery. Times changed. Retail marketing conditions improved. The country climbed slowly, painfully — and not completely until World War II —— out of the depression. Net income of Ward's rose to $74,159,977 in 1951, but has slumped a little since then.

Avery, however, changed the character of the company. When he came in, Ward's was a low grade mail order house selling cheap goods. He transformed it into a retail merchandising firm selling quality goods. Of that transformation he once said, "It will hurt no one in the company today to say that not one of the former executives was equal to that great task."

Avery is a perfectionist. He sets high standards for himself and demands them of his associates. He is energetic, forceful, possessed with "drive." It is obvious that amassing money does not interest him — that is a lust of poor boys. His salary and director's fee last year of $101,500 would be considered enormously high by the sales clerks in his stores, but it rates rather low among top executives of big companies. Moreover, Avery did not pay himself a bonus, as so many chief executives do, and Ward's has no executive pension plan. Avery's salary last year was the same as before World War II, which is as unique for the average chief executive as for the average scrubwoman. Avery is sincere when he says, "My incentive in life has not been to make money, but don't try to believe that. If you're successful, the money will take care of itself."

AVERY IS BOSS. He runs the company down to the smallest management detail, an attitude which intrudes upon the duties of other executives. It is this feeling of having someone leaning over his shoulder, watching him with the critical apprehension of a nervous father tending a two-year-old, that upsets a president or vice president. "My work became so uncongenial that I simply resigned. The situation became such that it was impossible to live with. No man could continue on the job and keep his self respect," said Roy Gebert, vice president who resigned in 1952.

Avery is conservative. He has resolutely refused to expand during industry's greatest expansion boom. This gives him an absolutely unique distinction among big businessmen. There is nobody else like him. And, of course, it's one reason why his executives can't get along with him. Caught in the popular ideas of the times, they'd like to expand. Avery won't let them.

Avery is not against expansion, as such. "We would like to build more stores," Avery has said, "but not at $15 a foot. You can build a store in normal times at $3 a foot. We intend to expand, but not at these prices. I assure you our money soon will be worth more than it has."

Avery has given his impatient executives and stockholders such assurances for years. In 1949 he appeared at a stockholders meeting with an elaborate chart showing how prices declined sharply within a few years of the end of each American war. Passing out copies to stockholders, Avery told them prices were "going down hill now." They weren't, and several months later Avery fired the economist and his assistants who constructed the chart.

Ward's has fewer stores today than it did when World War II ended — an extraordinary situation when compared with the record capital expenditures of other companies, including Sears, Roebuck. As a result of his hording, Avery is sitting on a mountain of money. When World War II ended Ward's had 13,123,486 in cash and $109,982,-501 in U. S. government securities. It now has $23,155,063 in cash and $269,987,032 in government securities.

If Avery is "difficult" in his office, it is not apparent in his social contacts. He frequently appears at dinners and other social events around Chicago, pleasant, affable, charming.

Avery married Hortense Wisner in 1899. They had four children, two of whom are deceased. He now has two daughters, six grandchildren and two great grandchildren. He and his wife live on Lake Shore drive. The old family home on Ridge avenue, Evanston, now is owned by one of his daughters. Another daughter lives in Claypool, a swanky St. Louis suburb.

Avery still likes golf, playing at Old Elm and Glenview Country clubs. His game may have slowed up a little but he can go around in the 90's. He's also an excellent shot, making use of the

Formal portrait of Avery in his study reflects the trim alertness and self-confidence which have helped him, in old age, to outlast even men like General Robert Wood. General Wood recently quit as head of rival Sears, Roebuck, which prospered because his bet on the U. S. economy was the opposite of his friend Avery's.

trap shoot at Glenview to keep his eye on the beam. He works a long day but he knows how to relax and every year takes several weeks off to stay at the San Marcos in Chandler, Arizona, usually accompanied by cronies from United States Gypsum company. His wife spends the winter there. The Averys prefer it as a more conservative spot than some of the flashier places around Phoenix.

Avery was one of the five founders of the Cradle, nationally known Evanston adoption agency. For many years he served as its president. Over the years Avery has given support to the University of Chicago, altho he soured on this during the Robert Hutchins regime. A soft-pedaled reaction now is going on at Chicago and Avery's interest, as well as that of other businessmen, has perked up on the school's aim to attract more "normal American boys."

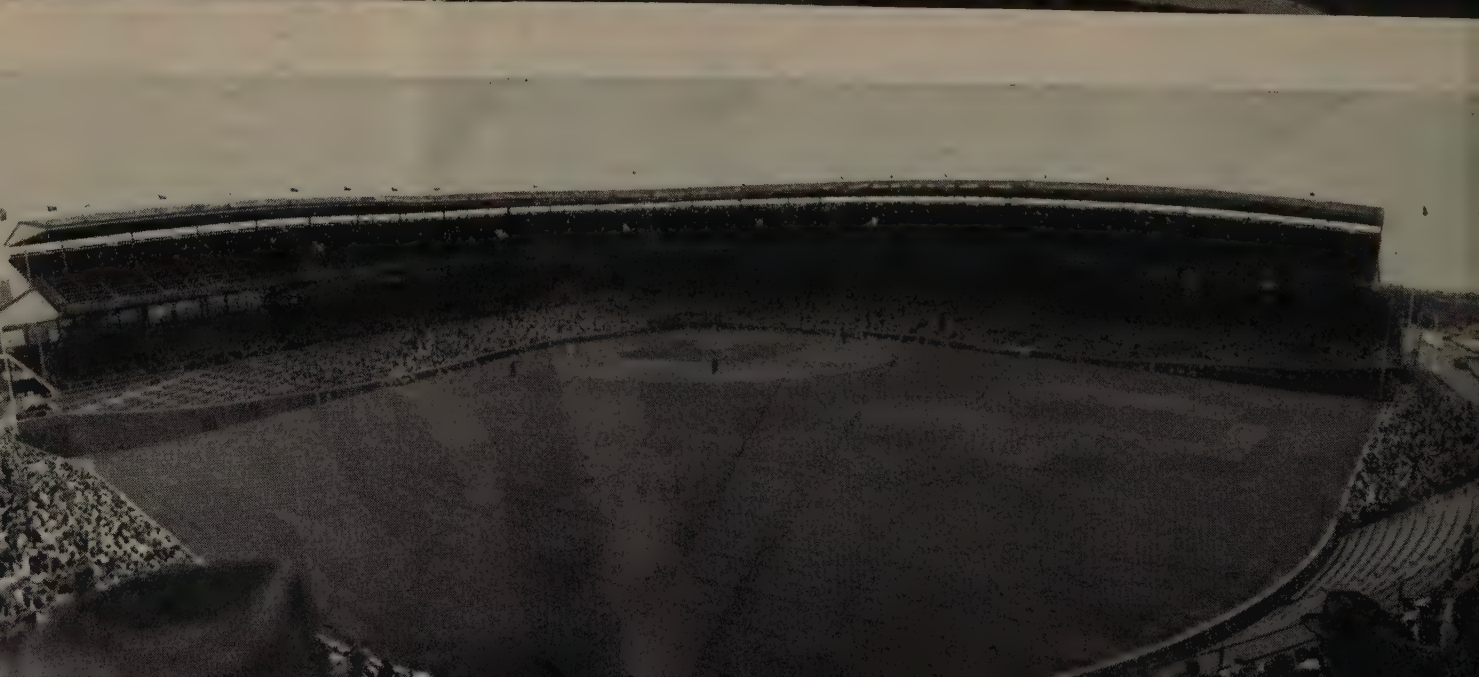
Avery is not in the classic American tradition of the poor boy who worked his way to the top. He wasn't poor. He started in an executive capacity. He's been running someone and something since his youth. Those who know him say he has great talent and great pride. He also, within his domain, has great power. In one of his executive upheavals — not that of 1948-49 — he walked up and down the corridor between the offices of other officers, loudly proclaiming for all to hear, "I'll show 'em who runs Ward's!"

He has always shown 'em. He hasn't, however, shown them that he is right in his post war retrenchment policies. And many financial people think he's been terribly wrong. When Avery entered Wesley Memorial hospital this summer, Ward's stock rose sharply on the New York Stock Exchange; when he came out, the price fell back. It's obvious that when, as and if prices decline, the money Avery has stashed away at Ward's will become more valuable. If you can build stores at $15 a foot today, and they come down to $7.50 a foot a year from today, you've doubled your money without adding a penny to it. It is on this prospect that Avery has staked his reputation. He's betting on a depression. When a reporter asked him at the stockholders meeting this past April what he thought about business prospects, Avery replied, "You know damn well what I think about them."

Avery considers himself well prepared for the storm. The company has no debt of any kind. It's loaded with cash. In Avery's words, "Our condition is perfect."

To which an executive of a rival company retorted, "What does Avery think he's running — a merchandise business or a bank?"

WIDE OPEN TOWN



The realistic school of photography is gone one better by the city-scapes reproduced on these pages. They show everything the human eye can see and then some. They were taken with the only camera of its type in the United States, a Japanese Panon, which covers a wider angle than can be clearly perceived by any person of normal optical prowess. The Panon used for these shots is owned by the Frederick Countiss Co., which obtained it thru a San Francisco importer from the Tokyo manufacturer. Panons take 140-degree pictures by hopping the lens quickly across the film, exposing 20 degress at a time. In this view southwest from Tribune tower, the Loop assumes a triangular aspect and the sweep of the lens includes even the train tracks behind Michigan avenue. In the panorama of the stockyards, the overhead wide-angle reveals the yards' massive dimensions, which are not apparent from the street. "The world's most beautiful ball park" never looked quite like this to a center fielder or a bleacherite. Wrigley field seems to need at least seven outfielders. The streets cross at right angles just behind the scoreboard where the camera was placed. In the air view of Lincoln Fields race track near Crete, an illusion of the earth's curvature is created by the distortion.

Jean-Paul Sartre at Walgreen's

by Malcolm Cowley

A chapter from "The Literary Situation,"

to be published in October by Viking Press.

In January, 1954, I was working at the Newberry library and living in a small apartment maintained by the library on north State street. The apartment lies west of the jagged, gradually changing, and sometimes indefinite line that separates the Gold Coast from the rest of the Near North Side.

At the point nearest the Newberry library, which faces Bughouse Square, the dividing line now lies a few doors east of Rush street. The northwest corner of Rush and Oak is occupied by a Walgreen drugstore, devoted to serving people chiefly from west of the line — and it serves them well, not only with drugs, candy, ice cream, tobacco and cosmetics, but also with stationery, household appliances, rubber goods, bottled goods and reading matter. One could live for weeks without patronizing any other shop: eating at the soda fountain, smoking the cigars, drinking the liquor, and curing one's hangovers at the drug counter. For reading matter, besides an assortment of magazines, there are two wooden display cases full of pocket books with brightly varnished paper covers.

There were four such cases on my first visit to Walgreen's and they contained the latest volumes issued by two or three publishers. On my third visit two of the cases had disappeared, to make way for an expansion of the bottled-goods department. All the remaining paperbacks had been issued by Pocket Books, Inc., the first and still the largest of a dozen publishers in the field, altho I should judge that the choice was accidental.

"Take out that case," the manager must have said, pointing to one that stood in a strategic position. The case went out and with it all the Bantam Books. "Take that one, too," he must have added, pointing to the case beside it, which was devoted to Signet or Dell or Avon books. The average drugstore manager regards one case of paperbacks as the equivalent of any other. Fortunately for the customers of that particular store, Pocket Books, Inc. offers a wide choice of titles. The contents of the two remaining cases, changed every month and now including an admirable series of art books at 50 cents apiece, would furnish intellectual sandwiches, sundaes, and cosmetics for a lifetime.

In my rambles west of the dividing line I found many drugstores and newsstands that carried an assortment — it couldn't often be called a selection — of paperbacks. A small rack of them hung outside one of the green wooden newspaper boxes that stand on Chicago street corners. The books were covered with soot and a few flakes of gritty snow and looked as if nobody had disturbed them for a long time.

The largest and most interesting assortment was in a combined drug and department store at the corner of Clark and Division. It was composed of several hundred books issued by many publishers, including westerns, detective stories, Mickey Spillanes, historical romances, sex thrillers, a history of Western art, a poetry anthology, American classics, British moderns, and translations from the French of Jean-Paul Sartre and Jules Romains.

THE ROMAINS NOVEL was called *The Lord God of the Flesh* and its cover showed a rather attractive young woman starting up from bed, where she had been sleeping without a nightgown. At first I couldn't place the book, then I remembered it as a half-fictional, half-philosophical study in extra-sensory perception (or sexual intercourse by telepathy) that I had yawned my way thru in French 20 years before.

The book by Sartre was a collection of short stories called *Intimacy*, with another almost naked young woman on the cover who seemed to be saying, "Get intimate!" Altho the collection includes his most famous story, "The Wall" — which has nothing to do with sex — its sale in the American trade edition must have been less than 3,000 copies. Reissued as a paperback it would have had a first printing of 200,000 or more.

An old man in a shabby overcoat looked at the covers of the books, opened two or three of them, but shambled off without making a purchase. A younger man came over from the cigar counter, inspected the westerns, and chose one with two blazing guns on the cover. A broad-beamed housewife, her head wrapped in a soiled babushka, had been bustling among the kitchenware. Now, with her purchase under her arm, she passed the book racks, examined the Sartre, rejected it, and instead picked out a Mickey Spillane, *The Big Kill*. It had taken her less time to buy a book than to buy a saucepan. I looked again at the collection as a whole and decided that it was curiously appropriate to the city and the neighborhood. It was rich, random, gaudy, vital, corrupt, and at the same time innocent; it put culture at the disposal of the plain man, even the poorest, for less than the price of a bar whiskey; it was impersonal, friendly, egalitarian, and it proclaimed as dogma its lack of discrimination. "Here we are," the books in the big racks seemed to be saying, "the mud and sapphires of our time, and for one or two pieces of silver you can take your pick of us. If you are fooled into reading Sartre by a naked woman on the cover, you have no right to complain. No clerk is helping you to

choose and no one is holding you back; here everyone starts even. But hurry, hurry, before we are bought by others or returned to the publisher, for few of us will reappear at the corner of Clark and Division."

I was tempted to answer their plea, fill my overcoat pocket with books, buy a pint of whiskey at the liquor counter, and sit reading and tippling among the pigeons in Bughouse Square. Instead I walked eastward and southward into the Gold Coast. West of the dividing line I hadn't seen any hard-cover books displayed for sale (tho I might have seen them even on Clark street if I had gone north toward Lincoln park or south toward the Loop). East of the line there weren't many paperbacks, because there were few news-stands or drugstores, but — on Michigan avenue — I passed four or five book shops, including one large and busy one, the Main Street bookstore.

I entered one of the smaller shops, after recognizing the name on the window. Altho the salesroom wasn't large it was filled with new books lining the walls or piled on tables. There were also two big racks of long-playing records and a hidden phonograph was playing Mozart as I entered (feeling again that I was a long way from Clark and Division). The books on the shelves included almost everything published during the last two or three years that I had any curiosity about reading. In two fields the collection was especially good: psychiatry and books by Chicago authors.

I introduced myself to the proprietor, Stuart Brent, and found that he was passionately interested in books, in the solution of other people's personal problems, and in his native city. Many of his customers are young people just out of college. Sometimes they tell him about their problems and he says to them, "Read this book. You might find the answer there." He is mildly famous in the trade for his ability to sell hundreds of copies of a book that arouses his enthusiasm: for example, he has probably found more readers for Harry Stack Sullivan's *An Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry* than any other dealer in the country, even the largest.

Collections of stories are usually slow-moving items in book stores, altho they have proved to be more popular as paperbacks. One evening Brent amazed the publisher of Nelson Algren's stories, *The Neon Wilderness,* by selling a thousand copies of the hard-cover book at an autograph party. We talked about the days when the Near North Side was full of young authors — many of whom became famous New Yorkers — and about the possibility of another Chicago renaissance, as in the years after 1915; Brent would like to do something to encourage such a movement. He complained that most of the other booksellers didn't regard themselves as integrated parts of the community and that they didn't take enough interest in the personal needs of their customers.

I might have visited other shops, but I wasn't trying to make a survey of the book trade in Chicago, or even in one neighborhood, except insofar as it revealed a general situation. The largest Chicago bookstores — Kroch's and Marshall Field — are in the Loop, but most of their customers live in prosperous residential sections. There is a smaller concentration of bookstores on the South Side, near the Midway and the University of Chicago. Brent's complaint against the booksellers may well have been justified, from his point of view, but a visitor wouldn't expect to find that any large professional group was marked by his combination of interest in persons, interest in the cultural welfare of the community and energy.

AS A GROUP the booksellers I have met in many parts of the country are widely read, obliging, likeable persons who regard bookselling as a profession and work hard at it, for lower incomes than they might receive from other activities. They would all like to sell more books, in quantities like the paperbacks in drugstores and on the news-stands, but they are dealing in more expensive articles for which the public seems to be limited.

When O. H. Cheney made his broad survey of the book trade in 1931, he found that there were only 500 book stores in the country that did enough business for the publishers' salesmen to bother calling on them. Most of these stores were in the twelve largest cities and they flourished in the same neighborhoods, he reported, as good florists, jewelers, and agencies for medium and high-price automobiles. Bookselling as he pictured it was one of the luxury trades. Today there is a better market for books in university towns and areas (like the Midway in Chicago) than there was at the time of the Cheney report. People in small towns buy more books than formerly — often thru the book clubs, which are essentially a device for selling books by mail. In other respects the audience for new books hasn't changed in 20 years and most of it still consists of people living on the "right" side of whatever line divides their community.

There are advantages for American culture in the existence of this limited but prosperous, alert and well educated body of readers. Most of them subscribe to magazines with book review sections, many of them read the literary quarterlies, and in general they know what is happening in the world of books. They are much more willing than the general public to accept novelties and experiments. They help to perform the essential function of setting new styles in reading matter, some of which will afterward be followed by a larger public. Bookstores often serve as their meeting places—in this country without literary cafes or salons — and often keep a stock of the magazines, phonograph records, and reproduced paintings that appeal to them.

In cities like Chicago many stores have developed an audience for books in one special field: psychiatry, drama, art, music, literature, technology, advance-guard writing, or the occult. The stores are helping in this fashion to maintain the diversity of American culture against the many forces that are working to make it uniform. By personal contacts — something entirely lacking at the news-stands — they find readers for valuable works that couldn't otherwise be published, and later they keep the works in stock. The bookstores are quiet voices pleading for permanence, variety, personality, discrimination. The pity is that the voices don't carry far enough, even in prosperous neighborhoods, and are scarcely heard at all on the other side of the dividing line.

Copyright by Malcolm Cowley

Maxwell Street—

the Americanization of a bazaar

Bargains under the sun

by Arthur Carlbom

photos by William Miller

The relaxed sell has come to Maxwell street. Where, in former years, a retail salesman would grab you and hold you in a half-nelson on the sidewalk, today's outside man lets you walk away with your own coat on. A gentle laying of hands on the forearm, a few fast, confidential words in the ear, and the pitch is over — unless you hesitate for an instant. Then, of course, just as always on Maxwell, you're in the store watching yourself in the three-way mirror before you can say, "I was just looking . . ."

That is not to say that smart merchandising is a thing of the past along the street. For while the Michigan avenue copywriters have been discovering B. M.'s (buying motives), the account executives of the sidewalk media have all along appealed to the most basic of those motives: greed. While the agency talent acknowledges such other drives toward acquisition as Convenience, Comfort and Pride of Possession, the creative salesmen of Maxwell street still strike at the one that has dazzled shoppers from the ancient bazaars of Babylon to the supermarts of Lincoln Village: bargains.

Actually, there are three levels of free enterprise along the street. The most conservative one includes the established stores in permanent buildings. Here the trend to lower pressure selling is most apparent. Forensic and physical salesmanship retains more popularity with the wooden-horse-and-planking proprietors who set up their stands along the curbstone, purveying anything from Devine's Kool-Feet to American Beauty roses. The freest of all the enterprisers, however, are the rugged individualists who are in business wherever they happen to pause, conducting their commerce from a box or a folding chair, or perhaps just pulling up a sleeve to reveal a forearm choked with wristwatches.

But hard sell or relaxed sell, Maxwell street as always exhibits an infinite variety of individualism and human enterprise. On a warm summer Sunday, a tour of the street is an iliad thru color, sound and aroma. Frying onions and fish compete with piccalilli odors, and thru the strident hymns of an electric guitar from the street mission, a young magician shouts for attention as he pumps Pepsi-Cola out of the armpit of a patient kid stooge.

"This here kid thought he drunk it all up," the wizard says, holding a

The Street always looks like tenement moving day, or a thieves' market, or a continuous open-air rummage sale. Man made objects, of all sorts and in unlikely juxtaposition, clutter every inch of space.

Crystal chandeliers, strung up with coat-hanger wire, glint in the sun above a table displaying a rococo fringed lamp and antique metal dishes.

Bargains under the sun

Watch parts: hundreds of works, springs, crystals, bands. The question is: where did this specialized rummage come from?

Most of the gypsies in Chicago live around Maxwell street, and are extremely camera-shy. They are handsome people with gleaming eyes and strong faces; they wear vivid, disorderly clothes. All their time seems to be spent loafing in doorways and telling an occasional fortune.

malted milk container under the boy's shoulder, "but I can pull it right outen him." With a cry of triumph, the street-corner Svengali turns up the container and the Pepsi-Cola pours out on the hot pavement as the skeptical crowd steps back so as not to get splashed.

The electronic age muscles into the act with a booming pitch over a public address system for Spark Master Ignition sets. "I defy you to find a ignition set that sells for less . . ."

The crowd moves along the center of the street past the whistle of the peanut stand, past the mystic in the pink cape and fez who sits on an Atlas Prager beer case smiling benignly, past the blind man in the double-breasted suit who inches his way amid the crowd as if seeking one certain hand among all the hands that pass, to which he would palm the hand-painted pictures of Saint Mary or the jars of Southern Country syrup.

A fellow in an undershirt walks confidently thru the throng with a lawn mower on his shoulder, glancing uninterestedly at the pock-marked man who deftly chips away at a raw carrot. The literary merchant is selling "Sex Facts for Men" to a youth while a bewildered old man gazes stoically at the adjacent red hot stand. The pimpled kid selling red hots holds his hand over the old man's head and waves it: "Hey, Pop, wake up! Hey, what do you want? Hey, you want a red hot?"

Over the noises of the street the bells from St. Francis Assisi church on Roosevelt road announce noon mass and when the chimes fade away, a girl's voice from a sidewalk console radio rings suddenly clear: ". . . should I believe my heart or you? . . ."

The brightly dressed gypsy girls watch the crowd with dispassionate interest from their position on the steps behind the street stands. The gypsies seem most at home of all the crowd, as tho rooted in an ageless equanimity.

"When Eisenhower's been in office another year, you'll get 'em for a dollar'n a half," says a disgusted pants salesman, folding the trousers over his arm and walking away from his prospect.

Even the pigeons seem to be shopping, strutting around at the edges of the crowd's feet, pecking at scraps of orange peel and red peppers and pistachio shells. The pigeons are indifferent to a man wearing undersea goggles as he proffers other sets to the passersby. And nobody pays any attention to the little man wearing six brightly colored space helmets on his head or to the salestalk he shouts at the crowd: ". . . the original deathray space helmets for on'y a quarter . . ."

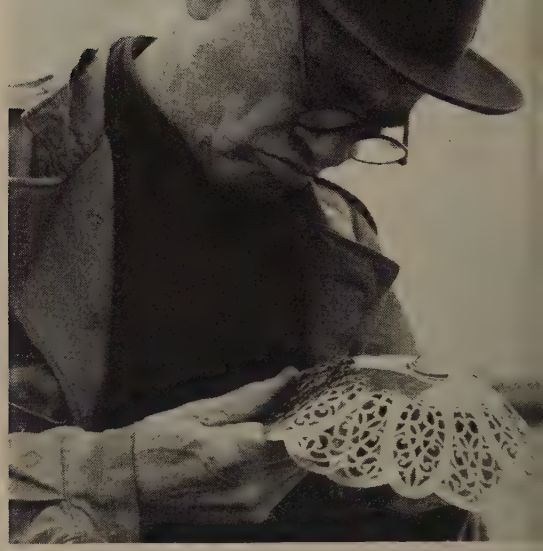
Two Puerto Rican youths back away from the man on the tail gate of a truck as he passes a live guinea pig close to their faces. ". . . and prove to you that this here animal has the intelligence of a nine-year-old child. Yes, sir."

The crowd moves on along the narrow street, shifting, pausing, stopping and moving to stop again before the displays of toilet seats, shoe leather, Indian pennies, panama hats, watermelon slices, cornets, plastic rosaries that glow in the dark, nylons, and all the myriad objects, gizmos and gadgets that lure people to Maxwell street for a bargain.

"They come from all over," says Morris I. Gabel, one of the proprietors of a clothing store at 733 Maxwell. Gabel, a mild-mannered young man in

Bargains under the sun

Lights still burn as the early morning sun filters into the old bazaar. Sidewalk merchants begin to maneuver for position with their displays: a rack of clothes, a grandstand of shoes, a suitcaseful of spare parts.



Most frequent facial expression on the Street is the shrewd bargainer's interested skepticism.

a soft shouldered suit, operates a business established by his father in 1924. He is general secretary of the Maxwell Street Market association, a non-profit organization of 90 permanently established stores in the 600, 700 and 800 blocks of the street. Incorporated in 1951, the association is devoted to promoting the welfare of the market area.

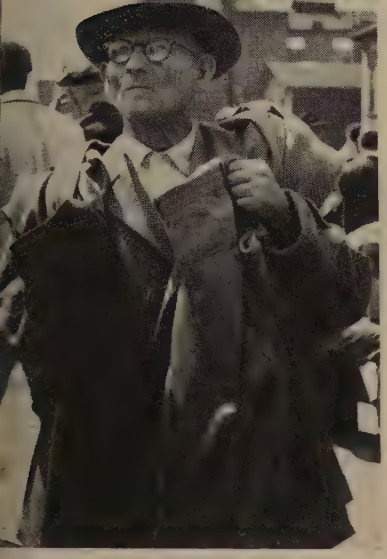
Gabel acknowledges the decline of rugged selling tactics, at least among the permanently established retailers if not among the transient salesmen. This trend he attributes to a new type of customer that has been developing over the past few years. "Actually, 60 per cent of our trade is with the P.T.'s."

P. T.'s are "personal trade," or customers who, in contrast to the Sunday shoppers, are regular patrons of the established stores. According to Gabel, it's a family trade that won't engage in dickering. They take the word of the store salesman as to true price and value. This trade is built up thru customer relations and good will. "Really," said Gabel, "the only word I can use to describe this new type of trade is 'paternalism.' They trust us."

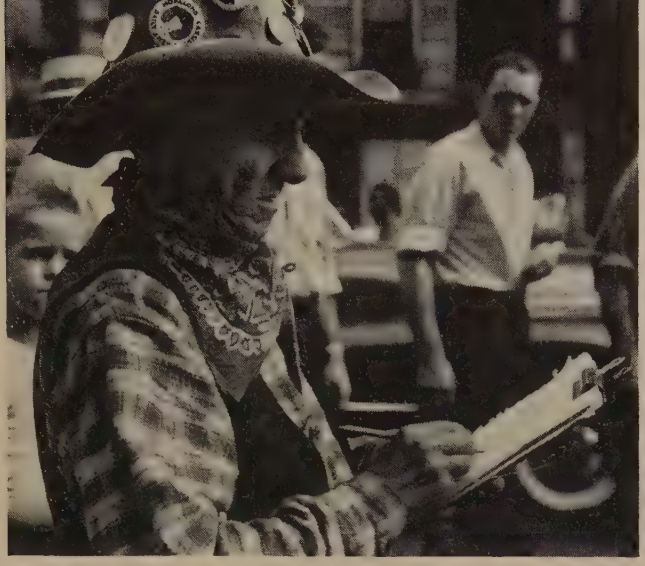
Much of this "paternalism" is practiced by stores established a generation or two ago by immigrants but now controlled by their native-born sons.

In accordance with the new customer type in the established shops, the activity of the former "puller," that is, the man working the sidewalk outside of the store steering in prospects, is more subdued. Today he is known as an "outside solicitor" and his manner and method are more discreet, in keeping with the dignity of his new title and function.

There will always be some unconventional selling methods on the street, however, in deference to the tourist type of customer. "They expect it," Gabel states. "It's part of the atmos-



sinessman selling slacks car- s entire stock on his arm and oulders, prowls for prospects.



Flamboyantly dressed individual tours the Street with a sketch pad, selling his pencil art to anybody who will pay him coffee money.

phere of Maxwell street. But there is less bombast today than there used to be."

Gabel, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology man and former army major, sees a strong resemblance between the Maxwell Street Market association and other community business organizations like, say, the State Street council. "For example, the mercury vapor lamps that our association put thru on the street are the same ones they've put in on State street." The association, like other local business groups, is currently promoting adequate parking facilities and is working with the West Side Planning board to determine the feasibility of city-owned parking lots for the area.

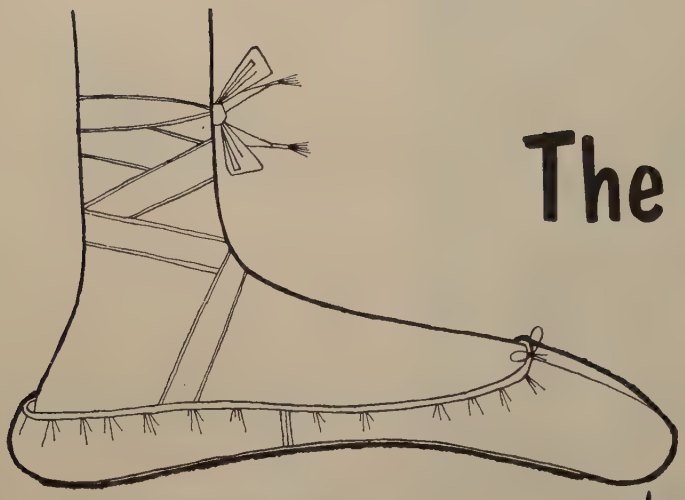
The association is a formalized group in a largely informal marketing area. As such it is but one business element of a street that embraces push-carts and pitchmen as well. But formal or informal, the disparate elements of Maxwell street merge into a densely developed shopping center that draws people from all cliques and classes. As many as 70,000 people pour into the neighborhood on a Sunday and Maxwell street never disappoints them. From the personalized approach of the sidewalk solicitor talking in your ear, to the eloquence of the man addressing the crowd from his standing position in the baby buggy as he hawks bright umbrellas, there's a bargain for everybody.

And nobody is ever reallly a stranger on the street. There's a man down there looking for us all with a new low price for a plastic raincoat, a raw potato slicer, or a rebuilt typewriter. When he sees you, he'll recognize you and let you know he's been waiting for you thru all the years of your life.

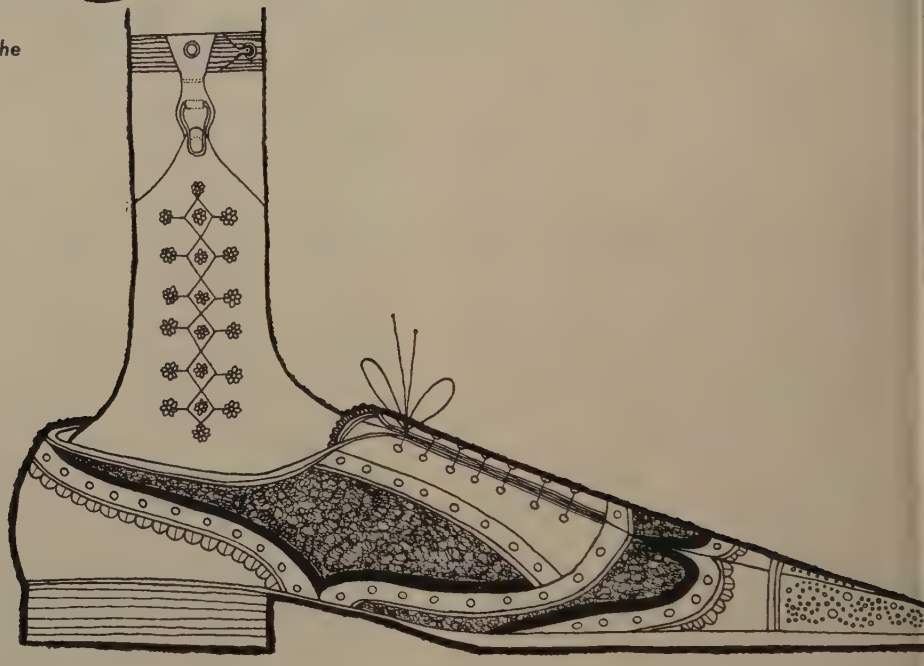
designed by Joe Phelan

The Foot Put Forward a

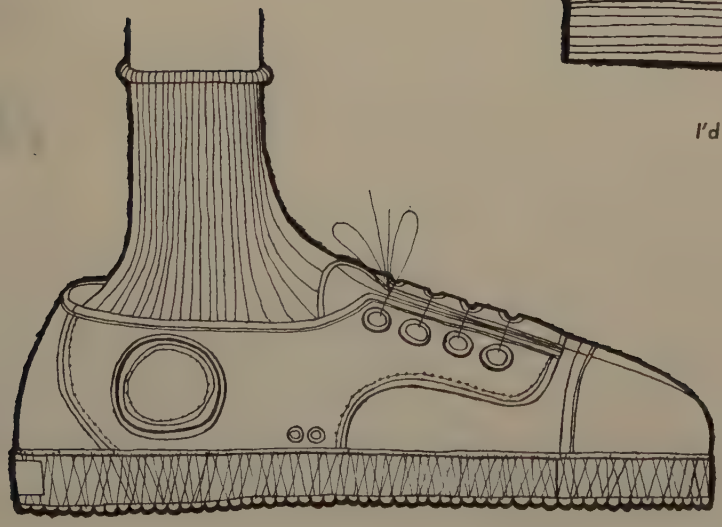
drawings by Jack Nelson



I'm over the bitterness now — I can live with the fact that just because I'm six feet three . . .



I'd be sales manager today, only this old school pal of the boss . . .

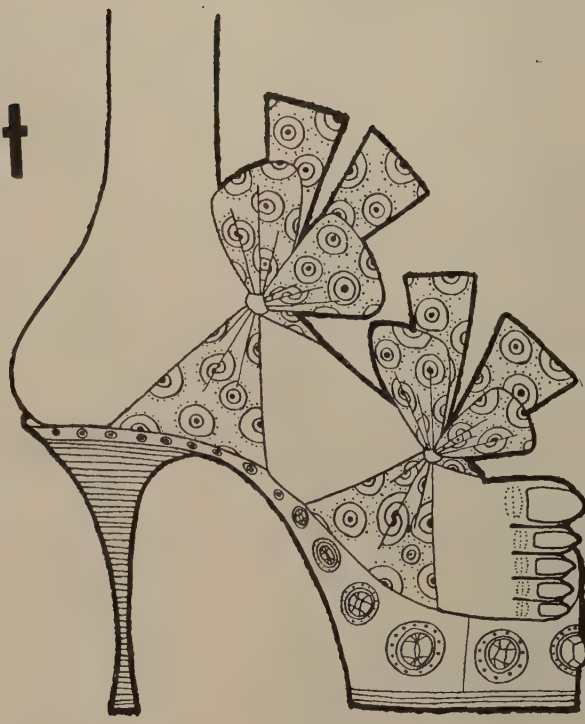


*Of course I was too light for the line, but I thought I could make the coach realize that even with 20/600 vision, a **thinking** quarterback . . .*

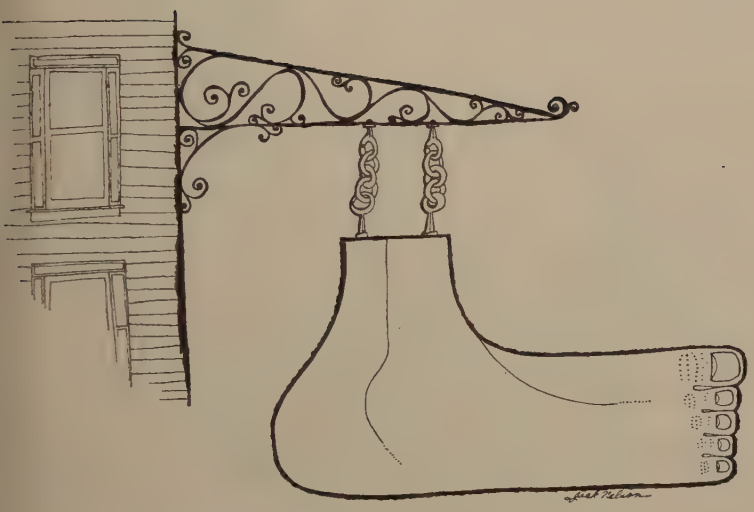
Dear father had so much faith in Mr. Insull's dreams . . .

Mainchance Mist Resort

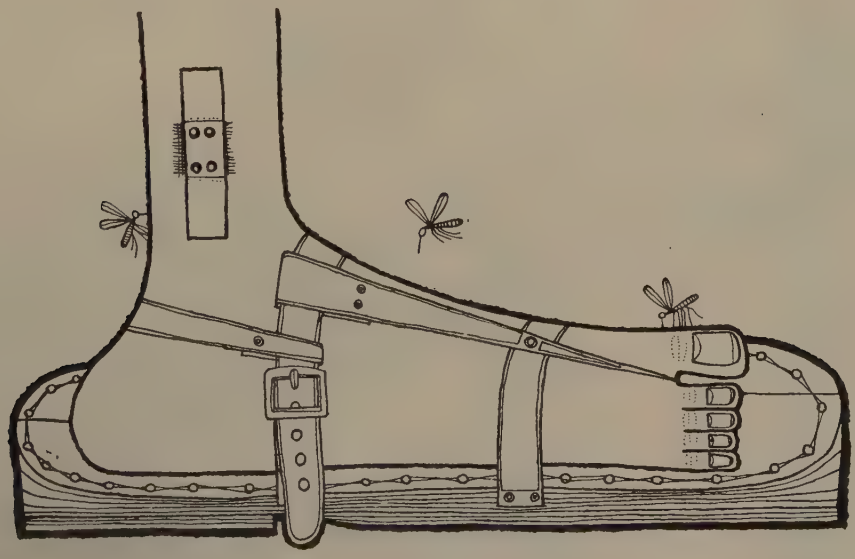
captions by John A. Dunn



I don't think thirty years is such a difference, and Herman gives me everything I ask for . . .



Caring for people's feet is a sacred trust, when you look at it clearly.



In a world debauched by TV, where can you find a market for romantic verse?

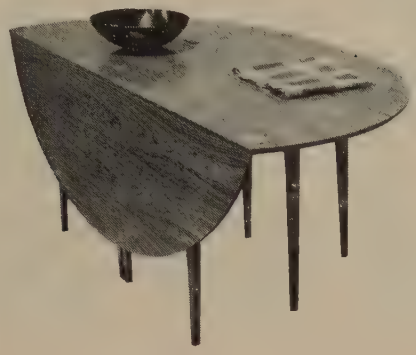
In and Out of the House

by Don J. Anderson

Distinguished application of artistic principles to household wares has been recognized at a series of Good Design exhibits sponsored during the past five years by the Merchandise Mart and the Museum of Modern Art. Now, at an anniversary exhibition, the Mart is showing the choice selections from each of the earlier displays. Criteria, in descending order of importance, are aesthetic appeal, functional utility, soundness of construction, and price. Many of the examples shown here are sold in stores featuring home furnishings, such as Bordelon's, Baldwin Kingrey and Boyd-Britton. Some are available only thru decorators; others can be obtained at department stores or the nickel and dime.

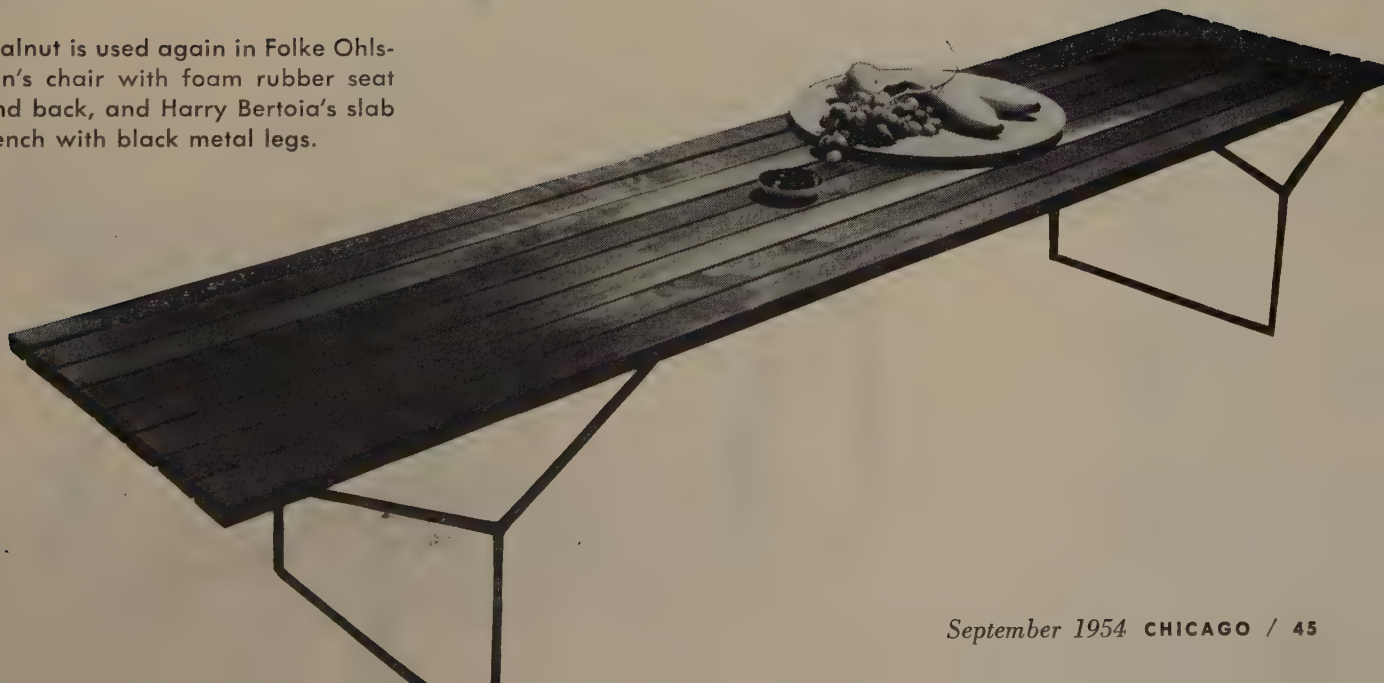
Cylindrical chandelier, of white opal glass and polished brass, sells for about $24. Trend-setting armchair in walnut with black leather seat and pad was designed by Finn Juhl to combine comfort and "floating look." "Oval Elements" is name of textile pattern, black print on natural linen 50 inches wide.

Charles Eames plastic chair with wire base. The oval table is made of natural walnut.



Crystal stemware from Baccarat and Porthault France is priced at $6 to $8 per piece. Table lamp d signed by Greta Magnusson-Grossman sells for $1

Walnut is used again in Folke Ohlsson's chair with foam rubber seat and back, and Harry Bertoia's slab bench with black metal legs.



Freda Diamond designed Flair glasses ranging in size from 6 to 14 ounces and priced at $1.28 for set of eight. Armchair and ottoman of bent wood and natural webbing are the work of Bruno Mathsson, sell for $95 and $40. Black mesh Catchall, 22" diameter, costs $22.

Stainless steel kitchen tools cost $2 to $9.95. White porcelain pepper mill is priced at $12. Stacking stools come in natural, red, black, yellow. Print on 48-inch-wide silk gauze is called "Circles."

Notes on

By Hollin B. Hill

There's no pool like an old pool. But it's remotely possible to start one successfully, if you heed these complicated precautions.

To rush impulsively into marriage or a career is all very well, but a man who thinks of joining a car-pool should stop, count to a hundred in Roman numerals, and listen to some sound, fatherly advice. For the average car-pooler, it has been estimated, sees far more of his fellow commuters each day than of his wife or boss, and gets to know them a lot better. The day comes when he realizes that he is living in a Pool's Paradise, but it's usually too late. There's nothing so permanent as a temporary arrangement to ride to work with a half-dozen other guys.

Nobody knows how many car-pools now exist in the United States. Nobody could. They are forming all the time, like bubbles in boiling fudge. Typically, a man fleeing the conveniences and easy walking distances of a city finds himself with a home, mortgage, and no decent bus service in Windermere Wallow, a classy subdivision 12 miles from the town line.

When he starts calling up the neighbors to find out who drives where, and when, his first ten calls will net him ten persons eager to form a car-pool with him. They will include: (a) three who have to be at work in time to make the boss think they've been there all night; (b) two who don't need to reach town until the corner bar opens; (c) four who work at the other end of the city, separated by a faulty drawbridge; (d) one who would like a ride but hasn't a car.

This is the point at which the country-dweller should let well enough alone, buy his wife a bicycle and drive himself to work. But he doesn't. He phones ten more neighbors and finds five who have about the same working

Illustrated by Joseph Teresi

the Car-Pool Problem

hours as he and work within a feasible radius.

His education now begins. He has acquired his companions by chance, but there are certain biological laws governing all car-pools which result in the appearance of predictable types. Some car-pools are fortunate enough to have only one type per member; most of them have several members each of whom embodies two or three types apiece.

The Daily Dozer. When the pool-car shows up outside his door, the horn's honk brings him bleary-eyed to the window, bearded like the pard and in about as good a humor. "Whuzzat? Oh. Be right out, fellas."

The Stopwatcher. He has nothing to do when he gets to his office but read the paper. But you'll find him pacing up and down by his mail-box every morning.

The Delivery Boy. He takes the pool six blocks out of its way to drop a couple of suits at the cleaners on the way in, and to pick up a car-sick collie from the vet's on the way back.

The Daredevil and the Dawdler. There's usually one of each in every pool, but ours has a driver who combines both qualities. Chortling triumphantly, he does figure-eights around Greyhound buses in city traffic, but when he gets out on the open road he hugs the curb at 35 and lapses into a deep coma.

The Route-hunter. He knows short-cuts that can regularly add ten minutes to your trip.

The Sensitive Republican (or Democrat). More car-pools have blown wide open over politics than from any other single cause. Until you have traveled with a real Old Guarder or a practicing Left-Winger, you would be surprised at the controversial implications of a remark about dental fluoridation or changing an oil filter. For a long while we confined conversation in our pool to baseball, the weather and new car models. It didn't stop the bickering, but it kept it on a plane we could handle. Safest rule for any car-pool is: enforce complete political orthodoxy (right or left) as a precondition of entrance. Any member subsequently afflicted by Doubts should resign at once; in a car-pool which travels together for hours each week and days each month, it is futile to try to cover up such backsliding.

The Free-loader. He usually phones just as you're leaving: "Could you boys give me a lift today? Maggie's Brownie troop meets this morning and —" You give him a lift and, on the return trip in the evening, a lift to his two dinner guests, too. One car-pool I know of picks up a *Free-loader* at the same corner each day; the lady climbs in, says "Late, as usual," unfolds her newspaper, and never vouchsafes another word until she gets to town.

The Schedule-louser-upper. In theory, each member of the ordinary car-pool drives his car once a week. In practice, Jones (whose turn comes on Tuesday) finds that his wife needs the car to take the kids to the dentist. Brown drives for him, but since Jones can't possibly repay Brown by driving for him on Thursday, he trades around with Smith, in return for a time last August when Jones drove in Smith's place because his battery conked out. At this point Robinson remembers that Brown owes

him a ride, and he volunteers to take Smith's place if Jones will drive for McGillicuddy the following Monday. This is all perfectly clear and easily settled. At least until McGillicuddy points out that he is going to be in Pittsburgh for the whole week and had arranged for Jones to take his place. It should be held in mind that (a) no one member has a monopoly on schedule lousing-up, and (b) no schedule that has to be dovetailed into a school car-pool run by the wives will work anyway.

THIS MIGHT BE a good place to interject a few words about car-pools for the youngsters, except that the only appropriate words are not suitable for a family magazine. No sounder argument for infanticide exists than an autoful of seven-to-nine-year-olds guffawing over excremental humor, making life hell for their little sibling rivals and scheming for new rules about "treats." Mr. Robert Benchley laid down the final word on this matter, as on so many others:

"There are two kinds of travel in the United States," he said, "First-class, and with children."

Of the problems with which any adult pool must contend, one of the peskiest is the cars themselves. We have in our car-pool at the moment: one Mercury which refuses to go into reverse; one Henry J with a baby-carriage in the back and a horn that gets stuck; one coupe that can't seat everybody and usually has to be pushed; one Plymouth that stalls whenever it gets nervous in traffic; one Allard racer with only two bucket-seats; one Studebaker convertible that leaks; one Buick with cauliflower fenders and a dank smell of diapers.

Another matter which poolers must deal with is the question: to read, or not to read? A car-pool is by nature a captive audience, tempting to anyone with a desire to indoctrinate or amuse. The newspaper can be used either offensively (reading your favorite column to the group, needling an opponent with the follies or coups of The Administration) or defensively (crawling into the editorial page and pulling it in after you). The better-run pools forbid the use of newspapers for anything but insulation ("Damn it, who left this window open all day and let the seat get wet?").

Again, a pool-car must have gas on which to run. Each member, of course, supplies his own; but there is usually one driver whose tank is invariably empty. By a curious coincidence, it usually turns out when the car has been eased into the gas-station that his tires are low, he's out of oil, the battery needs a re-charge, and there's an odd rattle just behind the glove compartment — no, perhaps it's back of the ignition. The point arises: can good planning, sensible rules, and a general spirit of co-operation and thoughtfulness of others avert such situations? The answer is No.

It becomes doubly important, then, to arrange the composition of your car-pool carefully. Unfortunately, if there is one thing harder than to get a good man into a car-pool, it's to get a misfit out. What do you say to a fellow: "Sorry, pal, but we just can't stand you any longer?"

The simple fact is that pools do *not* rush in where angels fear to tread. Most pools would ride with Dracula, year in and year out until the poor old monster died of senility, before the members would hint that he was in some respects objectionable. Perhaps the only sure, and relatively civil, method is one which our pool adopted under duress.

THE FELLOW we wanted to get rid of was a rather unusual type called *The Shudderer*. He drove a car in fits and starts. The car didn't glide forward, it shuddered ahead — ufff, ufff, ufffff. It was unsettling, like riding on the old Rock Island, whose engineers used to practice throwing you out of your seat between Tinley Park and Oak Forest. Well, we took heroic measures. For a solid week we drove just as he did, only a bit worse. People in other cars used to turn around and wince at the sight.

This drastic-spastic treatment was rough on all concerned. But it worked. Our friend had never been bothered by his own driving; his nerve-ends must have known what was coming. But he couldn't seem to fit into the rhythm of our pulse-jet operation. He quit the pool the next Monday. Said his hours of work had changed.

It is possible that I have conveyed the impression that life in a car-pool is not always beautiful. It isn't. But it can be endured and even prove a potent element in building character, like yoga and marriage. Anyone who can get along with six car-mates on fair days and dull, in good traffic and sticky, thru stand-ups and delivery delays, will find the other minor challenges of life no obstacle at all.

There are even a few car-pools (ours is one of them) which become in time a positive pleasure. No pool like an old pool, we remind ourselves; and it is certainly true that after a few years the rough edges have been worn off most of the members. No one has reformed; types remain types; but one gets used to the crotchets of others and would almost miss them if rationality overtook eccentrics.

For one thing, a good, seasoned pool is perhaps the last stronghold of the art of conversation. The cocktail party gave it a body-blow; television socked it beneath the belt. But in the leisured, if enforced, intimacy of a commuting car, soul has the opportunity to speak to soul.

One boon is the sense of timelessness. No one can talk well or listen amiably who thinks he has only a few minutes in which to impart his message or anecdote. A car-pooler knows that if he fails to get his point across in the morning, he can always try again in the evening. This permits the full, thoro and graceful dissection of a topic, with plenty of opportunity for the rococo flourishes beloved of any true conversationalist. The difference between any run-of-the-mill discussion of the Kinsey Report and the fine analysis undertaken by a competent car-pool is comparable to the gap between a drugstore sandwich snack and a feast at the Kungsholm.

Again, a well-run pool can provide its members with meat as well as sauce, solid information as well as airy persiflage. The renaissance of gardening in America can persuasively be traced to the exchange of data and experimental results in the country's car-pools. Nowhere else will you find such a rich mine of suggestions on ridding your lawn of crab-grass or on techniques of resignation to that which is inevitable.

IT MAY EVEN BE that the locus of authority has shifted in our time from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the teacher's dais to the car-pool, in keeping with today's scepticism of personal infallibility and reliance upon group therapy. There is no topic on which a car-pool does not feel competent and happy to deliver judgment. No man need remain at a loss in dealing with his business or extracurricular affairs; he has at his disposal the collective wisdom of six men unhampered by any knowledge of the facts, and generous to a fault in their willingness to advise.

We had a fellow in our pool who ran into a good many interesting ethical questions in the conduct of his business. He didn't seem to know how far to probe into the motives of his clients or into the veracity of the statistics and arguments which they wanted him to present. The poor chap was quite disturbed about it, until we took over the matter for him, gently, and laid it before the group on successive mornings.

He has no worries any more. He has no clients, either; but at least he's made a fresh start (in insurance, I believe, down in Cincinnati) and from last reports seemed to be doing well, learning the business from the bottom up. Only odd thing is that we hear he's living in town and walking to work. Probably can't afford a car-pool.

Is there a souped-up Omnibus in our future?

Flashy performance has been lacking in previous models of the ponderous Ford Foundation vehicle.

by Studs Terkel

Come Sunday afternoon, circa 1954-55, *Omnibus* will again be laboring its way thru our living room.

Again, a domestic problem will be posed. To be solved, improvisationally, by the toss of a coin. Heads, it's *Omnibus*. Tails, it's *Super Circus*.

And when, in the sabbath twilight, it comes up heads, will I again be remorseful? Not for my son's sake, but for mine?

How often during the past two seasons, after 40 minutes of *Omnibus*, have I turned to my beamish heir and given him the solemn nod, the go-ahead sign! How often, at approximately 4:10 p.m. (CST), has a repentant sinner been forgiven and the dial twisted from the image of Alistair Cooke to that of Mary Hartline, the blonde princess!

The fact that Mr. Cooke may have had more to say than the beauteous Mary is of small moment. If nothing happens in 40 minutes, it's hard to convince a clear-eyed burrhead that something may happen within the next fifty (*Omnibus* runs an hour and a half).

And who is to dispute him? After all, he has seen telltale evidence of nothingness. His father's pained look has told him all he need know: Go ahead, kid, get your Mary and your Cliffy and your Nicky and your Scampy and your trampoline tumblers and your acrobats from Istanbul. They give you good value, without pretentiousness, without stuffiness.

Two years ago, when *Omnibus* got under way, it was shiny with promises of becoming TV's most exciting and enriching program. Certainly the basic ingredients were there. Alistair Cooke's writing and radio commentaries indicated sparkle, wit, the gracefully civilized man. Certainly the budget was not skimpy. The Ford Foundation, the trade papers told us, was pretty free and easy with the buck. Certainly the finest of performers were on tap. Names like Michael Redgrave, Orson Welles, Helen Hayes, Rex Harrison, Lili Palmer were a dime a dozen. Certainly no horses were spared in the matter of sets and costumes.

And yet, out of two years of big doings, only a handful of programs, or portions thereof, may be recalled with a modicum of pleasure. Name the King Lear of Welles, a Danish film short, a piece of choreography or two, James Agee's Lincoln films, a couple of sketches — well, that's it. This kind of batting average does not keep you in the big leagues, let alone win pennants.

More graphically, tho painfully recalled, are the slow, torturous pace, the discomfiture of Mr. Cooke (it is shameful that so talented a gent be so poorly displayed), and the inevitable bull fight story.

Surrounded as we were last season by the bovine-stabbers in book, film, theater and ballet form, we sought respite in the most primitive of all entertainment media, TV. But no, the most "adult" of all the television programs solemnly featured a ludicrous hand-me-down bit of blood letting by Budd Schulberg. Who was that disremembered literary critic who some years ago suggested as the title of Hemingway's book on The Subject: *Bull in the Afternoon?*

How come *Omnibus* has sputtered so pitifully? How come it's been heavy handed when the light touch was in order? How come it's been self-conscious when grace should have been its hallmark?

By the process of elimination, the fault must lie with production. In television, perhaps more than in any other medium, it is the executive producer who imparts to the program his flavor, his outlook.

Where is the producer who will say: This is a joyous project, a merry challenge, a free and easy journey thru literature and song and dance? Who will not say: Look, we are handing out Culture. This is important. We must be serious, deadly?

Up to now, time spent with *Omnibus* is much like a visit with a *nouveau riche* host. All you want is a drink; and he's showing you his possessions, itemizing the cost of each bauble.

Ostensibly, *Omnibus* is a program designed for eggheads. Well, they're having a rough enough time as it is these days without added ammunition being provided for the philistines. Eggheads are not wedded to pomposity or enraptured by mustiness.

Now, *Omnibus* comes up for a third time at bat. We trust its eye will be much improved, and its tempo somewhat stepped up. This is no journey thru Rosehill. Sure, it's a big vehicle, but must it be so heavy?

The producers of *Omnibus* could learn a good deal from the NBC team of Chotzinoff and Polachek that handles the occasional Saturday afternoon operas. In this instance, television has made a definite and quite important contribution to the fine arts. NBC's *Marriage of Figaro*, in two one-hour installments, was a superb production — far superior, in fact, to that of the New York City Center, tho the same performers were used. Here, the new medium was excitingly adapted to an old art form. The lucky viewers who saw the electrifying *Salome* can also attest to that.

Note of local pride: Dr. Chotzinoff's associate, Charlie Polachek, is a Chicago product. The contributions of this young producer are likely to have far more lasting impact on the development of TV than the works of our better-known coaxial expatriates.

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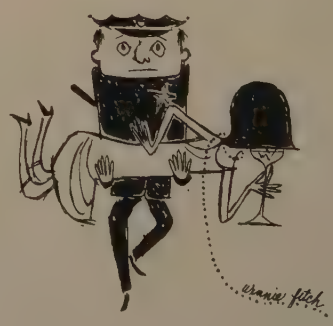
TIME CAPSULE

75 YEARS AGO: President Hayes, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and several cabinet members spent a night in the city during a tour of the Midwest in September, 1879. The President addressed a crowd of admirers from a balcony of the Grand Pacific hotel, suggesting that they all go home and go to bed . . . **Mayor Carter Harrison sr.** vetoed an ordinance passed by the city council outlawing the carrying of concealed weapons. He reasoned that the penalties provided for violations were too severe, and that travelers and night workers probably had legitimate cause to bear firearms anyway . . . **Smith's Cheap Book and News store** on Dearborn street featured the "Decameron" of Boccaccio at $1.50 (illustrated, $3) and a volume on how to play whist at 75 cents.

50 YEARS AGO: In September, 1904, members of the stock exchange and the board of trade decided to postpone the annual ritual of smashing straw hats and donning derbies from the 1st to the 15th of the month . . . **Maywood** became the first local suburb to get a Carnegie library when the steel magnate gave $12,500 to put up the building . . . Work was started on the $4,000,000 Englewood extension of the "L" . . . A census conducted by the board of education placed the city's population at 1,714,144 . . . **Chandler Egan** of Chicago won the national amateur golf tournament at Short Hills, N. J. . . . Robert S. Scott, one of the founders of Carson Pirie Scott and Co., died at 66 in his North Shore home . . . De Wolf Hopper, Ethel Barrymore and Fritzi Scheff were performing on Loop stages.

25 YEARS AGO: Calumet City was Calumet City in September, 1929. Two hundred people were arrested there in one night when state's attorney's police swooped down on a group of resorts operating in defiance of Prohibition . . . **William E. Dever,** who had been mayor from 1923 to 1927, died in his North Side home after a year's illness with stomach ulcers. He had been the foremost antagonist of "Big Bill" Thompson . . . **Stage shows** were offered with the movies at the Chicago, Oriental and State-Lake theaters in the Loop; the Capitol, Avalon, Stratford and Tivoli on the South Side; the Uptown, Granada and Sheridan on the North Side, and the Marbro out West . . . **The Cubs clinched** the National league pennant on the 18th. The White Sox, mired in 7th place, fired manager Lena Blackburne at the end of the season and replaced him with Donie Bush.



Shadows of stars

by Stenterello

The only difficulty with the adoration of great artistry is that it becomes a habit — and a pretty blinding one at that. New art begets new art more successfully than it imitates itself; and nothing stultifies an artist more than the public tendency to insist that he repeat himself over and over again.

As an example, we can take phonograph records which, while one of the greatest gifts to the appreciation of serious music, are also one of the greatest potential dangers to the understanding of music. Thru them we are led to identify performers with the music they perform until the two become indistinguishable. We find ourselves demanding from a composer the pattern which a performer has set for him. We accept Beethoven only as Toscanini sees him, or Chopin solely thru the eyes of Horowitz. This narrowing of our vision narrows our experience, and we become blind to the infinite varieties and subtleties which a single piece of music can have.

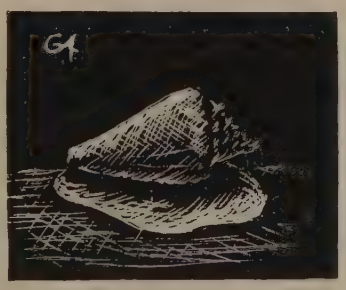
Yet, recordings offered no particular difficulty on this score until their mechanical judgments began to be transferred to the concert hall, the last refuge of live music after electricity invaded the home and shocked us into silence. In most large cities these days one can depend on the fact that one will hear five or six "star" pianists — year after year. The unadventurous audience, pleased by one good meal, is satisfied to have it again and again. We grow fat and lazy and completely without taste. We know exactly how Serkin will sound when he's at his best, and we know with equal exactness what his weaker evenings will be like. It's still pretty exciting; but there's something smugly decadent and even subservient about the kind of homage we pay. And there's even something a little frightening about the comparison which can be made between the noise which followed the retirement of Toscanini or the death of Schnabel and the silence in which Bartok died.

Even granting such values as there are to our unnatural reverence of performance, the limited number of performers one hears in a given season or series of seasons puts us only a scant step or two beyond the endless repetition of the phonograph. And in a sense we are even behind it, since we do at least have a choice among possible recordings of the same work — despite the fact that our purchase of the record sticks us with one plastically preserved performance for life, each note, each nuance, each turn of phrase perfectly mummified.

But the concert halls can get just as bad. The major New York agencies for concert management constitute a virtual monopoly, keeping the available performers down to a controlled minimum, thus protecting the sale of their records, too. The minor agencies, particularly the local ones, follow blindly along, aiding and abetting these restrictions by the sort of ridiculously competitive imitation which gives us the few new, capable young musicians one is privileged to hear, playing Horowitz-type programs. No one can win, least of all the audience.

A new performer has a decided edge over his older associates in many ways. Not the least important of these is the fact that, being fresh from his training, he is likely to have under his fingers a more varied and unusual repetoire than seasoned performers ever have time to work up. As a result, he is in a good position to contribute rather than to compete. Nonetheless, managerial practice, as well as the accustomed pattern of most music school programers, seems to dictate the latter course; and those of us who might be attracted by a program instead of a name are thereby encouraged to stay home.

There are others in a city like Chi-



cago who have contributions to make toward our musical entertainment, if only this competition were not forced on them. There are excellent musicians who live and teach in the city. Many of them were trained in Europe. Their reputations in Europe at the time they left were not yet sufficient to encourage American managers to snap them up as soon as they landed; and the competition did not appeal. Or perhaps the need to earn a living triumphed over less base ambitions. Others found that the rigors of a life of constant travel did not stand up alongside the satisfactions of settling down in one place. In New York, for example, there are pianists like Horzowski, Webster, Turek and Aitken, all of whom teach in the city. They give perhaps one or two solo recitals a year, the programs for which are a musician's delight; and they engage in various chamber music projects around town. The audiences are not large; but they are grateful. Such performers, free from the stringent program restrictions which traveling and the limitations of human memory impose, can afford to range widely in the music they offer. They have more time to devote to variety.

THERE ARE PIANISTS in Chicago who are equally capable of providing such excitement, superbly trained musicians like Leon Rosenbloom, Margit Varro and Katja Andy, to name only the first ones who come to mind. Rosenbloom teaches at the Sherwood school, Varro at the Institute of Design and Roosevelt college, and Andy at De Paul. Their contributions to the city's music are great, even in their roles as teachers; but why doesn't one hear them play?

As we enter a new season, prepared to ask if Horowitz's Liszt has increased its brilliance or electricity by one watt, or if Serkin's Beethoven has, by some remarkable standard of measurement, become any more beautiful, we can well afford to ask if this is really all we need to know. The great are always measured by the less great and the greater, according to standards which grow from the experience of the audience. Yet, we continue to live by judgments predetermined for us by concert bureaus and critics who set the limits of our experience.

Perhaps it must always be this way. But somewhere along the way we ought to remind ourselves that education and pleasure share their common dependence on both variety and repetition. If too much variety can become confusing, too much repetition can become monotonous. There must be a proper balance somewhere.

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The Caine Mutiny, directed by Edward Dmytryk. With Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray and E. G. Marshall. Distilled adaptation that is more than balanced by actual navy maneuvers and outstanding acting.

Julius Caesar (revival at popular prices), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. With Marlon Brando, John Gielgud, James Mason, Louis Calhern and Edmond O'Brien. Masterfully handled Shakespeare.

Limelight (revival, 1952), direction and practically everything else by Charles Chaplin. With Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Sidney Chaplin, Norman Lloyd, Buster Keaton and Nigel Bruce. Chaplin's excellent elegy to the clown.

Man with a Million (British), directed by Ronald Neame. With Gregory Peck, A. E. Matthews, Joyce Grenfell and Jane Griffiths. Mark Twain's trenchant satire becomes witty social commentary, blending high jinks and cinematic subtleties.

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (French), another unifilm master, Jacques Tati, writer, director, actor in a series of hilarious and delicate incidents that don't quite match his "Postman's Holiday."

On the Waterfront, directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eve Marie Saint, Karl Malden and Rod Stieger. Budd Schulberg's script from articles by Malcolm Johnson has feeling for people and environment but it's journalistic presentation on a bias rather than dramatic analysis.

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (musical), directed by Stanley Donen from Stephen Vincent Benet's "Sobbin' Women" and Plutarch's "Rape of the Sabine Women." With Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Norma Doggett and Betty Carr. Lyrics and music by Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul, dances by Michael Kidd.

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Revolution at the Roxy

By Frank M. Robinson

It was Monday night in Chicago. People were settling down to watch "I Love Lucy" or else were shopping in stores that stayed open that evening. It was a dead night for the movies. Monday night always is. It's the night when the girls in the box office catch up on their reading, and theater managers count the house and wonder why they didn't take up a different profession.

Monday night, the managers will assure you, nobody but nobody goes to the movies. But this particular Monday night a small, 700-seat art theater on the Near North Side was packing them in to see a movie of which most Americans had never heard.

The movie was *The Final Test* and the theater the Surf, one of Chicago's growing group of "sure-seaters," so-called because people stay away in droves and you can always be sure of a seat. But nowadays, even the experts agree that the nickname is all wet — this wasn't the first and it wouldn't be the last time that an art house would do a capacity business on what is usually considered the worst night of the week.

During the last few years, it's been Monday night all week long for some houses. A report issued in 1952 by the Council of Motion Picture Organizations revealed that over 5,000 theaters had closed down since the war and 5,000 more were in the red and due to close. Popcorn and other concessions had saved the shirt of more than one exhibitor. And despite the attractions and conveniences of the passion pits, 28 percent of the drive-ins were operating in the red. Worst of all, every time the sale of television sets went up two percent, theater grosses dropped one percent.

THEN WHAT GIVES with the sure-seaters? How can the art houses make money by showing relatively unknown films? How can they get along without the supermarket that used to clutter the lobby? Is it that foreign films are so much superior to the American product? Is it the refined, slightly snobbish atmosphere? Or is it the psychology of being offered free coffee?

The answer, of course, is that it's all these and something more.

The art theater itself, until relatively recently, was an obscure segment of the industry that had quietly been gathering dust. It featured foreign films which few people cared to see and art shorts that won the silver medals of the critics but never attracted the gold of the box-office. You couldn't get people to see the films even with free tickets.

Since the war, the situation has changed radically. The British discovered Alec Guinness, and the reviving French and Italian movie industries discovered something far more fundamental — sex and realism. Foreign movies grew hair on their chests and ran barefoot thru the rice fields of popular appeal. They were terrific critical and popular successes in Europe, but when they tried to get bookings in America, the only theaters that would take a chance were the independent art theaters — our friends, the sure-seaters.

An art movie, of course, is not just any foreign film. Anybody who's watched television for any length of time knows that the worst of the foreign product can be just as bad as the worst of the American product. *The Golden Coach, Miracle in Milan, The Little World of Don Camillo* and *Forbidden Games* are among the best of the Continental efforts.

Abe Teitel, the grand old man of the art theater in Chicago, who once gave away tickets in an attempt to popularize art films, won't book a movie just because it comes with sub-titles. In a voice blurred by his accent, Teitel claims it's an art to pick an art film:

"Some people think that just because a movie is a foreign movie, it's an art film. That's not true. We screen 20 to 30 films before we select one for showing. In the old days, I used to go to Europe myself and pick the movies we showed. Just recently I went to New York and saw this representative of one of the Italian film companies. We had had a good deal of success with some of their previous films. But this one they screened for me — I couldn't bring it back to the Playhouse. It had nothing. Nothing. And I told the man that. I told him they were trying to copy American films."

The art houses themselves are as va-

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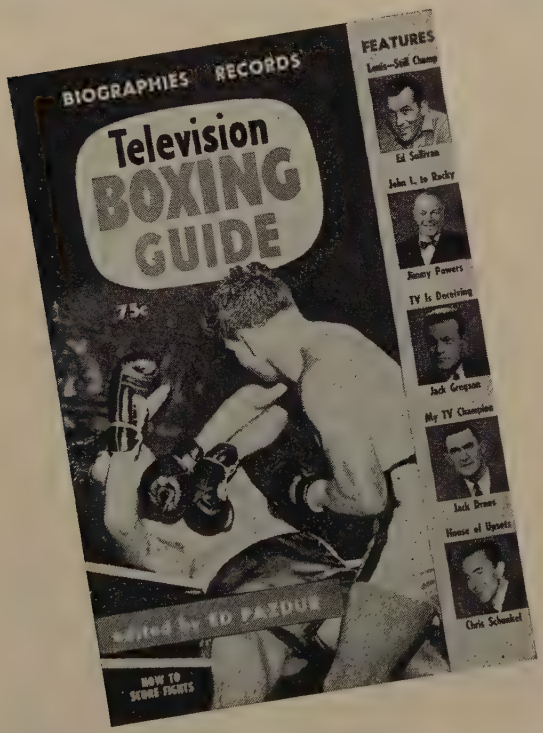

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ried as the movies they show. A few, like Chicago's Esquire, were originally built as art houses. Some, like the Ziegfeld — formerly known to Chicagoans as the Studio — are theaters that have been remodeled. Most of the newer houses are conversions of older theaters that were marginal profit propositions and had to fight for their lives when television came on the scene. They were run-down, neighborhood theaters that had tried to stay alive on a diet of double-feature westerns, bingo, and a dozen cartoons come Saturday. When this failed, they took drastic measures. The lobby was repainted, the slick "stills" from past movies were exchanged for modernistic mobiles, and the popcorn machine was traded in on a coffee urn and a bank of potted palms. The typical art house now features a subdued decor, comfortable sofas, and a busty young thing to pour your coffee before the show.

During the last decade, the art houses have spread out from the Loop. The Carnegie and the Cinema set up shop on the Near North Side. The Coronet located in Evanston while, on the South Side, the Hamilton joined the Hyde Park in running foreign films.

The houses themselves have tended to specialize. The manager develops a particular pattern for his house, then follows it faithfully, operating on the theory that "what you start with, you're stuck with." For this reason, the houses that show only English language films hesitated to show foreign films from the Continent for fear that their audiences wouldn't go for the sub-titles. Other houses show foreign language films exclusively. The Cinema Annex makes a speciality of Italian operatic films and Russian releases. Still others, like the Hyde Park, prefer double feature bills with one foreign and one English language movie.

BOTH ENGLISH and foreign language films are attracting a consistently larger following. The average run at a small house is anywhere from one to six weeks or even longer, compared to the average neighborhood theater's thrice-weekly change of bill. The bigger art house, or the semi-art house, will change pictures no oftener than once a week. *Genevieve* ran into its third month and *Tight Little Island* and *The Promoter* ran for close to four months at the Surf, doing capacity business for the full length of run.

Part of the box-office success of an art theater lies in the audience itself. It's well behaved. The art movie audience differs radically from that of a standard house. The art theater sells hardly any children's tickets, except for Saturday matinees. Very few teenagers attend and you get the impression that the managers are just as happy about

it. The recent newspaper story about a theater manager who banned teenagers and doubled his adult audience hasn't been lost on them.

FOR THE MOST PART, the audience is made up of professional people and young adults, society matrons and university students. The importance of the students is recognized to the extent that most art houses admit them at cut-rates with identification cards. With these restrictions in force, the audience runs the gamut: the well-dressed doctor and the student in blue-jeans, the mink-coated matron and the wind-blown girl artist who takes her station in the lobby and sketches the patrons.

The art theater managers are convinced that they've built up a steady following. The same faces show up every time the feature changes. One theater has a request list of 5,000 patrons who want to be notified. Another has a list of 15,000 who pay 50 cents apiece for the privilege of being informed. As one theater manager says, "You have to have a following. You can't exist without it."

And the art theater following has the added advantage of being, in the main, television-proof. To most theater managers, television is a dirty word. The manager of an art house will look grim when you mention it. But television to him is not the comedy shows or the Saturday night extravaganzas. It's President Eisenhower giving a speech, or a national convention or, in rare instances, a championship fight.

The art theater managers are convinced that the habitual television watcher isn't the type of person they would attract anyway. There may be a tinge of sour grapes to this, but by and large it seems to hold. Those who guffaw at the broad slapstick of a Milton Berle probably wouldn't be amused by the subtleties of an Alec Guinness.

Like the standard theater, the art house also shows a selection of short subjects. But instead of a Pete Smith speciality, you're apt to see a film on modern sculpture or a short about Picasso. Lacking these, you'll see a top-notch documentary that may make you wonder why the regular theaters have overlooked it. In the cartoon field, the art houses have contributed vastly to promoting the antics of Mr. Magoo and Gerald McBoing Boing. Created by United Productions of America, these cartoons were first displayed in the art houses and leap-frogged from there to general popularity.

THE ART HOUSES currently are plugging the work of Norman McLaren. Leaving the beaten track altogether, McLaren's films feature abstract art set to music. Already they are fast becoming staples in the field of short subjects for the art theaters.

Even with an assured and adult audience, all is not rosy for an art house manager. The censors give him trouble, and pressure groups prevent him from showing *The Miracle* or see to it that *Oliver Twist* is slashed and scissored so that nobody will be offended.

One situation the art movie manager has never had to face is that of vandalism. Rose Dunn, the small, dynamic manager of the Hyde Park, says emphatically, "There is no vandalism here. I go to the Monday meetings of the managers where they talk of slashed seats and the washroom problem and this is something absolutely outside my experience."

In a time of declining box office receipts, the old time movie palace may yet stave off disaster by installing Cinerama or You-Name-It-Scope. But the small, local theater has no way out. Three-D was a last minute reprieve, but the bloom is now off the 3-D rose. And major studios are now concentrating on super-colossal productions that have to be shown in houses the size of the Chicago Stadium. Caught in the middle of a product shortage on one hand and public apathy on the other, the Roxy has its choice of becoming a supermarket or a mausoleum.

Or, perhaps, converting.

Could more marginal houses save their necks by converting to art movies? Possibly not. It depends on the neighborhood and it depends on the size of the house. And despite the fabulous success of *The Red Shoes*, which grossed over five million dollars, there's a good deal of doubt as to just how large the art movie audience is.

Miss Dunn has her own views on this last point. "I don't think the art movie is particularly limited in its audience. I think there are universal elements of greatness that will please and interest all audiences." She hesitates. "After all, Shakespeare didn't write just for the elite. He wrote for the masses, too."

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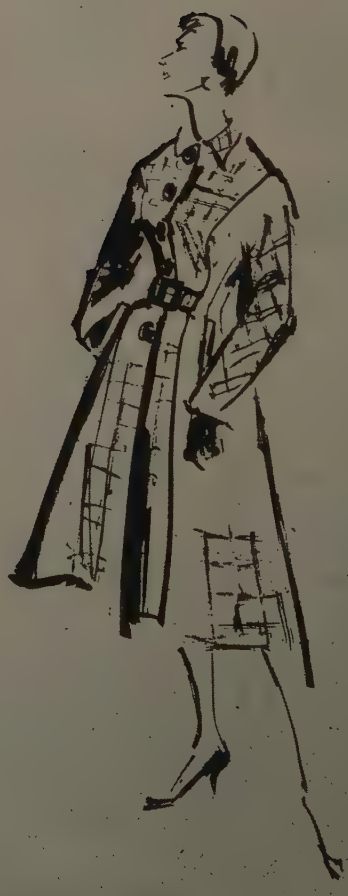

shoppers' showcase

From the sketchbook of Audrey Roll

Texture has emerged from the background and become a dominant factor in the soft but dramatic fall fashion tableau. There are rich tweeds, unusual knits, fur-trimmed suits, striking brief fur coats, velveteens, cashmeres, jacquard silks, all-year cottons and sueded woollens. Black is the central color in a spectrum of reds, shocking pink, tangerine, lavenders, blues, grays and browns. There are easy lines in the greatcoat, the little-boy suit and all the designs of middy motif.

Orthodox femininity is stressed by lady-like fitted coats and suits, especially flattering to the slender figure. Drama is developed strongly by short evening dresses, bouffant jacket dresses and heavy silk coats, some of them styled like trench coats. Bright little velveteen hats will pepper theater lobbies, but those for general wear tend to be the large, draped, profile type.

Shoes and bags are quiet, like those shown here, the soft, well-molded suede pump ($23.95) and the narrow envelope purse ($22.98), both at I. Miller. Jewelry, a la Chanel, is worn in colorful profusion. Shown are confection-like Venetian glass beads from Marshall Field's import shop, where they're brightly heaped in baskets.

Opposite page: Tweed knit dress (upper left) by Lass of Scotland; green, red or brown, $39.95 at Mandel Bros.

Moordale Vermont tweed suit (upper right) in tobacco color with convertible button-down collar that forms a cowl collar, about $55 at Lytton's.

Slim crepe cocktail dress (lower left) dramatized with taffeta by Morton Bregman, about $70 at Bramson's.

Red and black tweed coat (lower right) by Ben Zuckerman, $195 at Stanley Korshak.

This page: Bow-tied fitted coat in deep charcoal sueded wool by Seymour Fox, at Bonwit Teller.

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from EDWARD L. RYERSON . . .

Chicago
Educational Television
Association

Dear Fellow Chicagoans:

Won't you help us open a "Window to the World"? The window I'm referring to is "WTTW", the Channel 11 educational television station so many Chicagoans have been crusading for so effectively these past months.

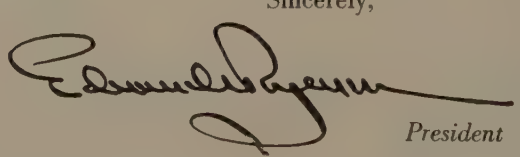
These Channel 11 organizers include Chicago educators, clergymen, artists, musicians, civic-leaders, and parents like myself who feel *strongly* that our families *need* Channel 11. We feel, too, that the great city of Chicago will benefit immensely from Channel 11 in prestige; in better-informed, more civic-minded citizens; in better understanding between officials and public—and in countless other ways.

A non-commercial educational TV station will help realize television's enormous potential for enlightened education. It will provide fascinating interests, hobbies, and "new worlds" for every member of the family from the toddler to the retired senior citizens.

Channel 11 is almost a reality. We have raised $890,000. We still need $210,000.

Won't you help us open this promising and so-rewarding "Window to the World"?

Sincerely,



President

P. S. *Please make check payable to:*
Chicago Educational Television Association. Mail to "WTTW", Department A, 38 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

Readers & Writers

Sir: I just invested a quarter for the second time in your new venture. It's a good slick job with beautiful lay-out, and judging from the contributors, expensive. You surprise me, however, by allowing a story like "The Well Furnished Lair" (July) to creep into your publication. This is one of the worst bits that I have ever read. Any more like this and you'll receive a manuscript from me. "West of Childhood" in your June issue is a gem. As for Studs, well, he's one of the very few men of integrity in our town who is genuinely "Chicago." Good luck, and may your scribes increase.

JOHN M. DUNN

Sir: May I suggest that you avoid characterizing a reader of CHICAGO as, ipso facto, intellectually esoteric and sophisticated. Broadly conceived such an attitude can but flatter the more naive of the local intelligentsia into buying a copy of the magazine, while derogating from what, in my opinion, is, or should be, the most saient characteristic of a "bettter" magazine — dignity.

DAVID G. BETHANY

The notion of CHICAGO *as a magazine which sets out to be "arty," "esoteric" or in any sense snob is a vexation to its Editors.* CHICAGO *exists primarily because its Editors were excited by the fact that no magazine has been created, heretofore, primarily as the reflection of a great metropolis — and by the conviction that if the attempt were made here, the result would be original because this is the most American, and among the most creative, of our cities.*

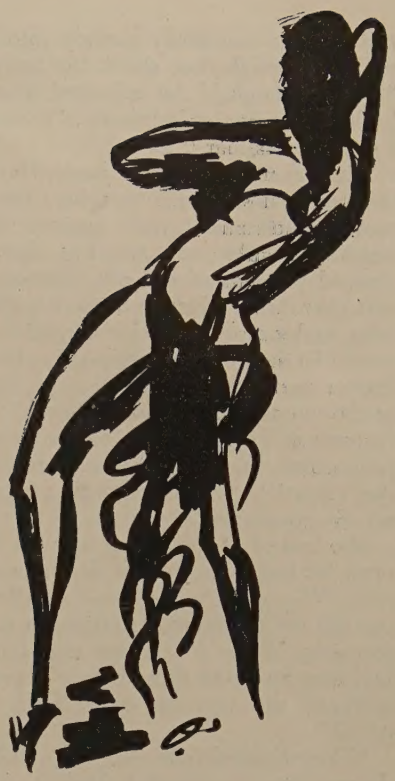
CHICAGO*'s central ambition is to present this city as it is: reporting equally its crudity and violence, its pulse of energy and its swirl of color. We have never thought of our readers, or ourselves, in terms of concepts like "sophisticated" — and we have never thought of them as the reverse. The magazine is edited neither for nor against the intelligentsia; its editorial policy does not call for any propaganda or partisanship, except on behalf of the city itself and its creative potential.*

CHICAGO *refuses even to let itself be classified as a "mass" or a "class" magazine. But its Editors do believe that a magazine of relatively wide readership can be edited at a higher level of intelligence than is usually considered possible. They are determined to prove this point. So far, in the attempt, they have attained a news-stand sale unprecedented in local publishing history, and a mail subscription, in the absence of any direct promotion, unprecedented in magazine publishing anywhere.*

Stay with us, Mr. Bethany; 'dignity' is not a goal to be chosen self-consciously, but we will not knowingly let down ourselves, our readers, or our city.

THE EDITORS

Dance of Triumph



a story by G. C. Lumbard

The young man moved carefully — very carefully—across the dark bedroom, and fumbled with the lamp on the night table between the twin beds. After several moments he succeeded in turning the switch, and in the sudden cone of light which rushed upward from the 60-watt globe, his face was revealed as a very white, slender mask, with eyes that blinked defensively at the brightness. He sat down then, abruptly, on the unoccupied bed, and stared fixedly at the nebulous form in the other. The young man had thin blond hair, on top of which perched, tonight, a small top hat colored green, red, and black, which was held in place by an elastic cord that passed under his bony jaw.

The young man cleared his throat and licked his upper lip. "Anne," he said in a coarse whisper. The body in the other bed remained motionless. "Annie. Hey." He yawned in a twisting movement of his torso, and exhaled in a heavy *yuuuh* sound. He reached down and removed one of his shoes, a conservative brown oxford, and held it in his hand for a moment, inspecting it closely. Then he dropped it from approximately twelve inches off the floor. He waited attentively for any effect the sound might have on the sleeping person in the other bed. There was no sign of consciousness, so the young man tried the other shoe from several inches higher. When this failed, he lay back on his bed, diagonally across it, and stared at the ceiling. He reached into his shirt pocket and pulled forth a flattened package of cigarettes. He shook out one of the cigarettes; it was almost flat, and wisps of tobacco protruded from each end. The young man regarded it solemnly, then placed it between his lips. He sat up, slowly, and lit the cigarette from a package of matches that lay on the night table. He exhaled his first puff in a long, thin stream that pointed toward the dark-haired girl in the other bed. The smoke rolled in a small cloud about her head. She was lying away from the light, away from the young man. All he could see of her was the black hair, set up for the night in curls held by bobby pins. The young man blew more smoke in her direction, and smiled. When he smiled, the young man was quite handsome.

THE GIRL MOVED, a slight shrugging motion of her shoulders; then, with a great effort, she rolled over, her eyes open and squinting in the light.

"Hey. You 'wake?" the young man said.

The girl did not answer, but continued to inspect the young man thru half-opened eyes. Her feet moved a little at the foot of the bed.

"Hey. You 'wake?"

The girl said something, a thick, inarticulate sound, muffled by the pillow against the side of her mouth.

"What?" said the young man.

The girl raised her head slightly. "I told you a thousand times, please don't smoke while I'm sleeping." She wrinkled her nose. "It smells. It smells *awful*."

"Hey," said the young man, "wake up, will ya. Sit up a minute, huh?"

He took another drag on his cigarette, and, in deference to the girl's request, blew the smoke carefully out the side of his mouth and over his shoulder.

The girl yawned and stretched. "What time is it? Why don't you go to bed or something? You half plastered to death? You look all pale like a ghost or something. Go to bed."

"Hey, listen a minute, will ya? I got this song I want to tell you about. This guy sang it. He was a comedian and came on between acts and stuff. Listen, this'll kill ya. I don't remember it all, of course. Fidler wrote down all the words, tho. He went out to the guy's dressing room after the show and made him write down all the words."

The girl closed her eyes.

"Listen," said the young man, leaning forward slightly, "you know the song on the radio, *It's Magic*. You know. Well, this guy made up new words for the song. I can't remember the whole damn thing, of course. Fidler could sing it all. Maybe he'll sing it for you sometime. You know how the song goes 'It's magic.' Well, this guy sings 'It's tragic.' Ya see? Instead of 'It's magic.' The first part goes like this, it goes, 'You smile a toothless grin, saliva trickles down your chin, it's traaa-gic.' " The young man's voice

trailed from the shaky melody into a soundless laugh that shook his body. "'It's traaaa-gic,'" he repeated, then broke down again, helplessly. "I wish I could remember it all."

The girl, with a struggle, pushed herself up into a sitting position, then moved back and leaned against the headboard. She was wearing short-sleeved pajamas of red silk, buttoned up to her throat. She was the sort of girl who, under more favorable conditions, would be described as voluptuous. Her brown eyes were bright and large, tho at the moment pudgy with sleep. The features of her face were cut in clean proportions, and a faint red trace of the day's lipstick gave her mouth a ripe, warm appearance.

She looked at the young man. "You must be half plastered to death," she said. "Why don't you get to bed? You can tell me the comedy routines in the morning. Where'd you get that hat? Did they hand out those hats to everybody, or did you win some kind of prize?"

"They handed 'em out. Hey, look, do you like this song? I think it's an honest-to-God scream."

THE GIRL YAWNED again, and covered her mouth with her hand as she did so. "How was it? Did anyone else from your class show up?"

"Yeah, sure, lots of guys. Fidler was there, and —"

"I heard you mention Fidler. How *is* Fidler these days? Still married, or did his wife —"

"Frank Carter was there. You remember. And Kelly Firth. And the Davis brothers. Fidler was an absolute scream. You know how he is. One of these girls was dancing, see, and old Fidler, you know what? Know what he did? He brought a beanshooter along. Had it all planned, you know. I mean, who else would have thought of bringing a beanshooter?"

"Nobody," said the girl.

"God, it was a riot. Every time the girl turned the other way he let her have it. She kept having less and less on, see — she called it the Dance of Triumph — and the more she took off, the more Fidler let her have it. It was funny as hell. Some of the guys, some of the younger guys, made him cut it out after a while. They had to go back and talk to the woman. It was terrific. She wasn't going to come out and do the rest, you know, unless Fidler cut it out with the beanshooter. So Fidler told them he'd cut it out if they let us sit down in front. So they did. He and I went right down — what?"

"You went to sit down front with Fidler?" said the girl. She moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"Well, yes. Sure. I was with Fidler. After all, Fidler and I were there together." The young man paused for another puff of his cigarette. "And after the whole thing was over — let me tell you about this — of course it won't be as good as it was at the time, but Fidler and I went down to the bar of the hotel for another drink. One for the road, you know, and Fidler starts pulling his double-talk on the girl, the waitress in the bar there. It was funny as hell. He says it in a real sincere voice so she thinks he's giving her his order or something. He did it over and over till she finally caught on. It was really great. You should have been there."

"What about this girl. I mean, the one who kept taking things off?"

"What?"

"This dancing girl. If you were right down front with Fidler you must have had a pretty good —"

"She was all right," said the young man. "She was pretty good." He reached up and moved the miniature top hat farther back on his head. "Some

of the younger guys thought she was really something."

"And you didn't?"

"Well, no, not exactly. She was really pretty corny when you get right down to it."

The girl explored her curled hair with the fingers of her right hand. Then she reached up with the other hand and arranged one of the bobby pins so it had a better grip on the curl it was holding. "Why don't you hurry up and get in bed," said the girl. "Go drink a glass of water and take a couple of aspirin, or you'll spend all day tomorrow thinking you're going to die."

"Yeah, okay, I'll get to bed right away." He paused and leaned forward toward the girl. "Look, Anne, about this girl who danced. I don't —"

"That's all right, Flip. I don't really care —"

"No, I just wanted to —"

"I don't care about any damn —"

"Look, Anne. Here's what the deal is. Lemme explain this to you for a minute. You know, I told you about when Fidler and I were sitting at the bar in the hotel having our last drink and stuff — well, here's what happened; we got to talking about women, you know, girls, our wives —"

"I was just going to ask you, is Fidler still —"

"Now just lemme tell you about this for a minute. We were talking about our wives, and about this girl who danced on the table. Well, we got —"

"On the table?"

"What? Yes. She danced on the table. You know, up and down so the guys —"

"Right where you were eating?"

"Yeah, sure. Well, we weren't eating at the time, you understand. This was all after dinner and the speeches and stuff. But anyway, Fidler and I got to talking about it, and we got to thinking. You know what we got to thinking? We got to thinking this girl wasn't really so much at all. I mean, she was just a girl. So we figured it all out. We figured our wives were much better looking and much better all round than this —"

"Now wait a minute, Flip. Just hold on —"

"No, wait, lemme tell you. So we got a bet on, Fidler and I. I admit, I *admit* it sounds kind of silly, but I want you to understand how it is. We were just thinking how much better you were, and how much better Janice was than this girl on the table."

The girl reached up with a tired motion and rubbed the corners of her eyes and the bridge of her nose with her right index finger. "Look," she said, "I think that's really swell of you and Fidler, and I know Janice appreciates it, too. I take it she's still married to that —"

"Now wait a minute, Anne. I want you to get this. We got this bet on — just like the old days — we got a bet about you and Janice."

"Now wait a minute, Flip. Just hold on a minute —"

"I know this sounds kind of silly, but just listen for a minute. We got a bet on that we could get our wives to dance like this girl was. Now get this; and the one whose wife won't dance on the table has to —"

"Now hold it, Flip. Listen to me for a minute. This has gone just about far enough." The girl pulled her legs up under her so she was kneeling in bed with the covers just over her thighs. "I may be your wife, the woman who's supposed to please your every whim all the time, but when you expect me to —"

"Look, Anne —"

"No, wait. When you expect me to impersonate some old, old —"

"Look, wait a minute. I didn't think you'd mind. Look, what the hell is

there to it? Nothing."

"Oh no," said the girl. "I'd die. I'd absolutely die before I'd – Wait a minute. This was Fidler's idea, wasn't it. Fidler –"

"No, it wasn't. I don't think it was at all. I'm pretty sure it was my idea. Fidler agreed with me, of course. I don't know exactly whose idea it was."

"– all the way thru college. That was enough. You and Fidler were enough. You were really a pair. I know, I know, he was the president of the fraternity, the *Ex Arch*, the big wheel and all that. But of all the egotistical, crude, embarrassing –"

"Look, Anne. Hold on. I know you never did like Fidler. Don't worry, he knows it, too. Don't worry about that. He's just too nice a guy to let that interfere with any goddam –"

"Oh no. I haven't got any delusions about that." She straightened the pajama top across her stomach where it had been pulled to one side. "Fidler knows I can't stand the sight of him. I have a simply grand impression of Fidler at our wedding reception. When I think about that – with all those people there. My mother, your mother, and my little sister who was so damn impressed with the college men, the fraternity –"

"Well, hell, Anne, that's just the way he is. You know something? You know, nobody understands Fidler. Deep down, way down deep inside, he's a very sensitive guy, a very tender –"

"Sensitive!" the girl said. "I suppose that time he got drunk and parked his car up on our brand new lawn he was being sensitive. Or that other time, when he went all around the house drawing mustaches on those pictures of my father and mother. Or maybe you'd –"

"All right. Okay. You don't like Fidler." The young man started to remove his tie, picking at the knot. "There's nothing I can do about that. But look, about this dancing thing. That's got nothing to do with –"

"Will you please stop about that. For the last time, Flip, I'm not going to do any silly dance for you or for Fidler or for anybody. I'm no burlesque queen, you know. You didn't marry any burlesque queen."

"JUST A MINUTE. You wouldn't do it for Fidler. Just me. All I want, all I'd like you to do is merely remove –"

"Will you please, *please* stop talking about it. If you want to go off to stag fraternity smokers with the boys and watch some floozy run around naked, that's okay with me. But –"

"For God's sake, Anne, you'd think I'd asked you to –"

"Wait a minute. Just hold everything for a minute, will you? I just want to know something – I'm not going to do it, you understand – I just want to know something. You said something a minute ago about dancing on a table. *Now*, just for the sake of information, just for my general knowledge, would you mind telling me which table you had in mind? Would you mind telling me just where this exhibition was going to take place?"

THE YOUNG MAN gave up the struggle with his tie. It remain pulled slightly to one side. He sat straight up on the bed, and laid his cigarette on the ash tray on the night table. "I don't know," he said. "Any table. It doesn't make much difference. I thought maybe the one in the living room. The coffee table, maybe."

"The coffee table. I see. That's not very high, you know. You wouldn't get a very good look at me. And it wouldn't give me much room to dance. I've got quite a routine, you know, and I need lots –"

"Look, Anne, why don't you be reasonable about this? I mean, it's not like I was asking you to do anything really crude. It's just that a guy wants his wife to be able to hold her own against some old girl at a smoker."

"You'd think she could hold her own without dancing on a table, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, sure. Oh, I don't know. Look, Fidler's going to phone me pretty soon. He said he'd –"

"Tonight? He's going to phone you tonight? It's almost three o'clock."

"Yeah, I know. But we wanted to find out about this thing; who won the bet. See, the guy whose wife won't dance has to pay for both tickets to the smoker next year."

"I'm sorry, Flip. I'm sorry, but you shouldn't have made a bet like that. Anyway, maybe you won't lose. Maybe Janice won't do it. I don't know, tho. Any girl who'd live with a person like Fidler would do practically anything."

The young man picked up his cigarette, took two more quick puffs, then crushed it out in the ash tray. He turned his attention to the knot in his tie again. "That's the trouble with modern goddam women," he said, not looking toward the girl. "They don't understand sex. They think there's something terrible about it. They think it's ungodly. Every girl thinks she's something holy, something sacred. Fidler probably knew what'd happen. He told me you'd never do it in a million years, but I thought –"

"Wait a minute, Flip. What was it he said? What did Fidler say about me?"

"Oh hell, Anne, what difference does it make? He just said he had you figured out as the type who thought there was something rotten about sex. He thinks you're cold, if you want to know. What the hell; I never would have made this goddam bet if we hadn't been sitting there in the bar talking about you and Janice and everything."

The girl closed her eyes and settled back against the headboard, her legs straight out in front of her under the covers. "I hate him," she said very softly. "God, how I hate that man."

The telephone in the hallway gave a long, harsh jangle, and the young man stood up nervously. "There he is. It's Fidler. Oh, his damn wife probably danced. I just know she did, goddam her. Look, Anne" – he started toward the hall – "it's not just the bet or anything, but I wish to hell you'd –" The phone rang a second time, and the young man turned helplessly into the hallway.

The girl sat straight up in bed and listened as her husband picked up the phone. "Yeah, yeah," he said in a cheery, party-time voice. "I'll say. Yeah, yeah. 'It's traaaa-gic.'" He laughed hard for a few moments. Then his wife heard him say, "Yeah, sure, tell me about it. Did she – Yeah? – Yeah? – Yeah, that's great. Well, yeah, lemme tell ya. I'll tell you how it is. Don't jump to any goddam conclusions, now. Lemme tell ya –"

The girl reached out to the night table, picked up a tube of lipstick, and weighed it in her hand as she listened to her husband's voice. Then, suddenly, she threw the lipstick across the room; it struck the wall and rolled under the dresser. Throwing back the covers, she swung her legs off the bed and put her feet into the fuzzy white slippers that lay on the rug between the beds. As she walked toward the hall, toward her husband's voice, she began to undo the front of her pajama top, beginning with the highest button, the one next to her throat.

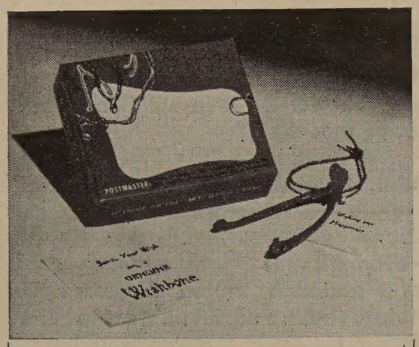
The Day That I Stood on My Head

The day that I stood on my head, jumped out of my skin,
Yelled down my throat, and covered my eyes with my ears;
The day that I married a witch, put bells on my tail
And tied my heart to a boomerang; the day
That I danced on my grave and whistled a jig to my sorrow –
That was today.
What shall I do tomorrow?

Maurice English

SHOPPING BY MAIL

by Rachael Ann Bottorff



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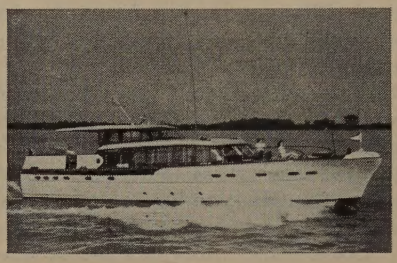

completely equipped, partially furnished. Model 3-216 21, with G-M diesel engine, hydraulic clutch, reduction drive: $133,-540 afloat at factory. Chris-Craft Corporation, Algonac, Michigan.

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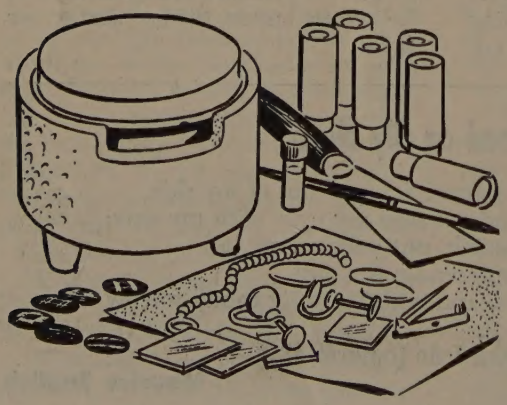

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